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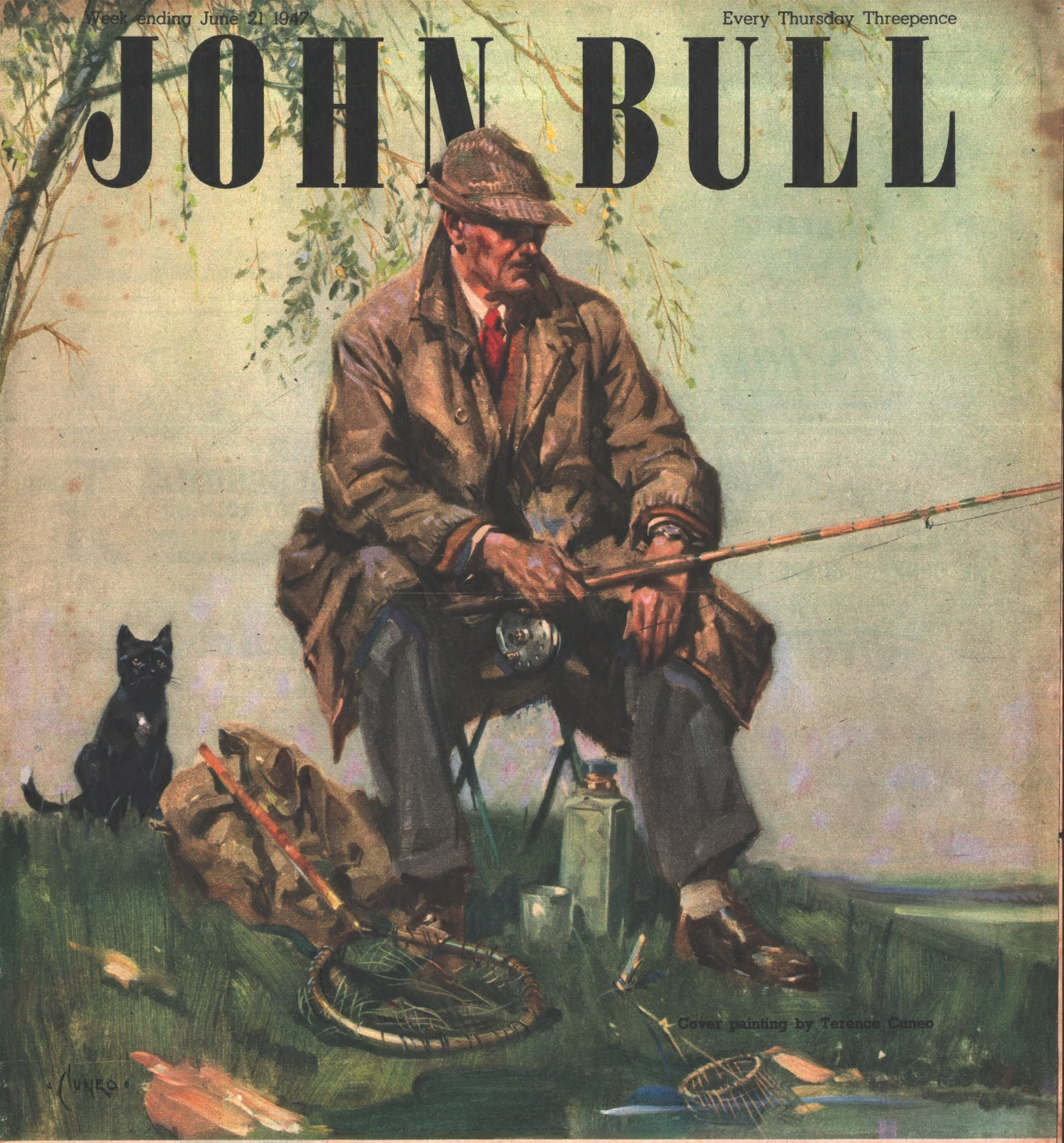

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WORLD ARMY—is it workable? by Captain LIDDELL HART

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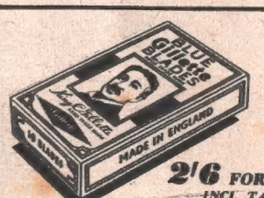

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JUNE 21, 1947 VOL. 81 NO. 2138

No Sex Appeal

MR. ATTLEE AND HIS COLLEAGUES in the Cabinet have a lot to learn about how to deal with women.

First, the Government accepted the principle of equal pay for equal work for men and women, but postponed putting it into practice. That is not an easy decision to defend, and no expert lady-killer would give it a second thought.

Then George Isaacs, the Minister of Labour, appealed, rather bashfully, for women to return to industry, for broad reasons of national need. George, though an excellent administrator, is no glamour boy, and his appeal matched his personality. It would not have been 100 per cent effective at the best of times. Coming after the equal pay statement, it merely made many women angry.

And who in his senses would reason with an angry woman?

Then the Labour Party Conference, by an overwhelming vote, demanded that the Government should get cracking with equal pay. The feeble answer was that we can't afford it. This was rather as if, having promised his wife a new hat, a husband regretfully remarked that he had spent the money on something else.

So far, women have been offered no real inducement whatever to do what George Isaacs asks them. Being very practical creatures, they won't do it without inducements.

It would help, for instance, if they were offered some special relief from income tax. A wife's income is now, for tax purposes, merged with her husband's, so that her incentive to earn is reduced. To alter that would not ruin the country, since our internal economy is admittedly very healthy.

But unless Ministers can offer some alluring bait, in more honeyed and personal arguments, women are going to stay angry and unco-operative.

We need a Don Juan in the Cabinet.

Dangerous Spending

VOICES ARE LIFTED among the twelve million "young" income tax postwar credit holders. They want their money, or some of it—now. Hugh Dalton will not give it to them; he confines his payments to the old folks.

Justifiably from their point of view, many of the "young" holders say they want the money for furnishing or refurnishing their homes, for new clothes, for cars, for holidays, for a multitude of things. Some say they may die or emigrate before the pay-out. All can put up a case of some kind.

But the Chancellor of the Exchequer can put up a better case, and one which, willy-nilly, is in the best interests of all the credit holders. The war of arms is over, but not the war of economic survival.

It cannot be said too often: if we are to live, even at today's austerity levels, we must spend less money on ourselves and export more. The more money there is chasing about looking for something to buy, the dearer everything will become. Inflation, from being a small cloud on the horizon, will become a deluge of destruction.

Equally, there must not be more than mild deflation. A sharp drop in prices at this stage would mean over-production, wage cuts, unemployment and doles.

The day of more than plenty will come. Then, and only then, will be the time to turn loose these income tax credits—to buy British goods in abundance, to keep British factories going, to keep millions off the dole.

That is why the Chancellor must resist all calls for further postwar credit payments at the moment.

Harley Street Clean-up

ANEURIN BEVAN has appointed a committee to recommend a scale of fees for specialists in the National Health Service. This is good news.

For too long, Harley Street—with its equivalents in provincial towns—has been a public milking ground; its consultations costing from three to ten, twenty and fifty guineas a time; its operation fees starting at around twenty-five and soaring into hundreds of guineas.

True, most specialists give valuable services free to hospitals. But the present system comes very hard on patients who have just too much income to get free hospital consultation and not enough to be able to wander cheque book in hand up and down Harley Street.

Until there is a fair scale of fees offering everybody the best medical advice on equal terms, Harley Street cannot have a clear conscience. Nor can it have a clean sheet until it clears itself of the money-making practitioners of average skill who have their nameplates there and charge as highly as the top-ranking specialists.

When Mr. Bevan gets the report of his committee he must be ruthless. For the specialists have got away with it too long.

Keeping Down the Costs

THREE MORE Government committees have also just been appointed—to keep an eye on housebuilding costs. Good news again, but will they get us the houses more quickly and more cheaply?

JOHN BULL has sedulously exposed the ramps and bottlenecks in building. The public is fed up—with the growing costs of building; with the bigger-than-ever black market; with the price rings; with the monopolies. The people insist on greater value for their money; for in the end it is they who pay, either directly, or in rents, or in taxation and rates.

The public also does not take too kindly to the tactics of the building workers who, although they have a good case for more stable wage and working conditions, are not gaining sympathy by their methods.

No one disputes that they had a raw deal in the past. But now, in return for higher wages and a guaranteed week, they should show willingness to give full value for money and forget some of their restrictive practices.

There is enough building work to last for many, many years. The threat of long spells of unemployment has passed. Workers will gain in prestige and not suffer in pocket by working hard.

If the Government would show more enterprise in the stamping out of building black markets, and the middlemen and monopolies which force up prices, they would get a better response from the workers—and the gratitude of the public.

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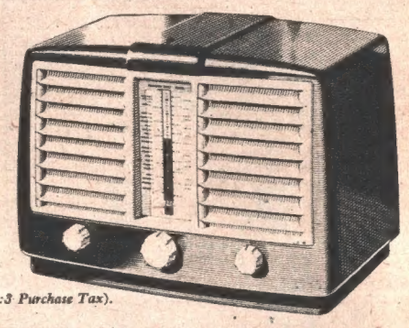

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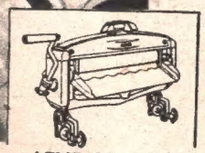

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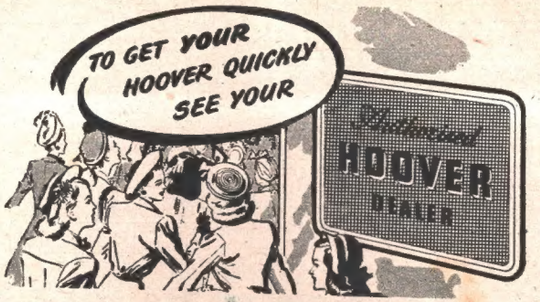

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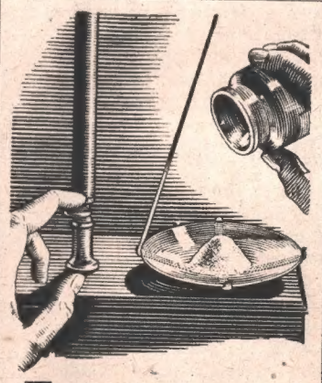

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D/J 452

WORLD ARMY—IS IT WORKABLE?

by CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

Will there come a day when a man is called up to serve in a World Army? A military expert here describes the snags facing the planners of Unoforce

TWO YEARS AGO the victors of the second World War jointly agreed at the San Francisco Conference that the United Nations Organization should be provided with its own armed forces—to "put teeth" into its charter. Since early in 1946 the Military Staff Committee of U.N.O.—with American, British, Russian, French and Chinese members—has been sitting in New York, considering the problem.

A long time passed before anything emerged, but eventually a report was produced laying down the principles on which the proposed world force should be organized.

The report comprises forty-one articles, and the members of the Military Staff Committee have succeeded in agreeing on a large proportion of them. Unfortunately, the points on which they have *not* agreed are the more important, except for the most significant of all — that Unoforce should be composed of separate national contingents, instead of being an integrated force directly enlisted for the service of U.N.O.

Years ago I devoted a period of research, with the aid of a Leverhulme Fellowship, to the problem of creating an international force. A prime conclusion reached was that while the "national contingent" basis seemed to be the simplest, and had more hope of gaining political acceptance, it was the most difficult in a technical and practical sense. Its path would be strewn with fissures and overhung by potential avalanches. It was the problem of past allied forces *multiplied*.

There are many cases in history of different national contingents operating together. Their effectiveness has tended to vary with the number concerned. The forces of not more than two nations have frequently combined with success.

The partnership between English and Prussians in the final campaign against Napoleon worked well during the crisis of 1815, thanks to good co-operation between Wellington and Blücher.

Still more notable was the degree of co-operation between the British and American forces in the second World War, thanks to forbearance on both sides and the way their association was crowned by a supreme commander of Eisenhower's wonderfully tactful personality. Even so, there was a good deal more disagreement than appeared on the surface.

Closeness of contact is apt to accentuate divergences between allies in war, just as when grown-up members of a family live together under one roof.

Friction was frequent in the coalitions against Napoleon. Disagreement was also a normal accompaniment of most of the battles of the first World War that were conducted on a joint basis.

Cross purposes and mutual criticism have, in fact, been prevalent whenever forces of different nations have fought alongside one another. Each force tends to blame its allies for any reverse suffered, and to claim for itself most of the credit for any success gained.

Differences can be diminished—up to a point—by the creation of a single commander. Such an appointment has worked best when one of the nations has been unmistakably the senior partner. Between more or less equal partners, a unified command has been more difficult.

In the first World War, this was not established until the fourth year, when the crisis of March, 1918, led to Foch's appointment to that position. Yet the supreme command remained only a name, as Foch himself remarked. His power was in reality limited to co-ordination and conciliation. He could only coax his team, not drive it. If Eisenhower's appointment in the second World War was more effective, that was partly because

U.N.O.'s Military Staff Committee. On some aspects of a world army, agreement, on others disagreement. Seated (left to right): Gen. Ho Ying-Chin (China); Gen. P. Billotte (France); Lt.-Gen. A. Vasiliev (Russia); Adml. Sir Henry Moore (U.K.); Adml. R. K. Turner (U.S.A.). Standing: Lt.-Gen. Mow Pong-Tsu (Chinese Air Force); Capt. Tang Chin-Siao (Chinese Navy); Adml. R. Moullec (France); Col. A. Lauzin (French Air Force); Lt.-Gen. A. P. Sharapov (Russia); Vice-Adml. V. L. Bogdenko (Russia); Gen. Sir Edwin L. Morris (U.K.); Air Chief Marshal Sir Guy Garrod (U.K.); Lt.-Gen. M. B. Ridgway (U.S.A.); Brig.-Gen. C. P. Cabell (U.S.A.)

he had to deal only with two major national armies and both spoke a similar language.

A United Nations force, however, would comprise a larger number of national contingents, on an equal basis, than in any of the historical cases of inter-allied operations.

The nearest parallel is perhaps the international army formed to deal with the common threat to European interests arising out of the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 in China. Eight nations provided contingents.

The course of events suggested that this temporary international force was fortunate in not meeting more serious armed resistance in executing its task. Moreover, joint action here generated an ill feeling between the associates that had wider reactions. The common purpose was soon forgotten, and each nation had the impulse to use its contingent to gain an advantage for its own interests.

The scheme visualized by the Military Staff Committee of U.N.O. appears likely to repeat most of these faults of the past with some fresh ones added. There is ample room for trouble in the points of agreement, as well as in those points where they already disagree.

It is agreed that the various national contingents are to retain their "national character," including their distinctive systems of control and discipline. Each should provide its own reinforcements, supplies and transport. None should start operating until all are ready, and willing to start.

When these principles are translated into practical terms, the creaking of the machinery can be heard in advance. It is easy to imagine the competition and controversy over the respective use of ports, railways and roads between so many equal partners, especially in any region where such facilities were scanty.

The administrative area is the weakest spot of any force. That weakness would be multiplied where the numerous component parts were intent on maintaining their "national character" — each requiring different rations; different calibres of ammunition; different spare parts and tools; and each functioning on a different staff system.

They would be talking different languages both metaphorically and literally. The sum of all these differences would make the tower of Babel sound like a symphony.

Russian Version Differs

The points of disagreement in the report of the Military Staff Committee are still more ominous. While representatives of four of the "Big Five" recommend that each member should make "comparable initial overall contributions," the Russians interpret this broad formula to mean that each contingent should be equal in size and composition.

This would seem to imply that if one member has a very small tank force, the proportion of tanks in the whole United Nations force will be low; and that, as some of the members have no aircraft carriers, there must be none in Unoforce. A United Nations fleet that was limited to the scale of what the Chinese Navy could contribute would not be very impressive!

There would be more practical sense in a scheme which allowed the members to make their "comparable" contribution in different ways. Some are better suited to furnish land forces; others, sea forces; others, air forces. It would simplify the problems of operation if not more than two or three national contingents were represented in each sphere—land, sea, or air.

The smaller nations might contribute to the cost or the facilities rather than to the actual forces. This way of sharing in the maintenance of international justice by proxy may not appear to fulfil the principles of equity and equality, but it would diminish complexity.

The most awkward disagreement in the Military Staff Committee's report, however, turns on the problem of bases.

The French urge the need of arranging for a network of bases that can be handed over immediately to Unoforce when an emergency arises. The Americans, British and Chinese endorse the principle that bases should be available anywhere, but consider that the French plan goes too far ahead.

The Russians contend that the bases of any national contingent should be confined to its own national territory or waters, except for ex-enemy territories. This would obviously cramp essential flexibility in the strategic use of Unoforce. It reflects the underlying realities of the existing situation—the mutual suspicions that at present disunite the "United Nations."

A realization of the difficulties drives us to consider the other form of such a force—composed of men directly enlisted for the service of U.N.O.

They would have to be men of all nationalities, though the proportion of each would presumably be governed by a quota. Politically, the creation of such a truly international force may be the more difficult of acceptance, but it would be much superior to the other from a practical point of view. It could be organized and trained homogeneously. Its system of command, of communication and of supply would be uniform, together with its equipment and armament.

Overcoming Language Difficulty

It would, preferably, have to adopt a single language for its usage. Even if two were insisted on, to meet political considerations, the difficulty would be no greater than in many imperial armies past and present. Indeed, it would be less, for the personnel would be of higher intelligence than the natives who are enlisted in most colonial forces.

As regards the provision of arms and equipment, to draw the supply mainly from one or two nations in the interests of uniformity would give these nations a manufacturing advantage that would also be a potential military advantage. It would be unfortunate for U.N.O. if such a nation pursued an aggressive policy.

This drawback might be met by arranging to draw particular articles from particular nations—tanks from one, artillery from another, fighters from another, and so on. That system might in any case be necessary for initial supply.

Later, the international force might have its own design department, the designs being executed, on a quota, by different nations. This would pave the way for U.N.O. itself to manufacture the major weapons—which would be the safest system.

An objection commonly raised against the idea of an international force of this kind is that of morale. It is argued that it would lack the will to conquer which inspires a national army, and thus be at a disadvantage against troops of an aggressive nation conscious of fighting for their country's cause.

The objection is much exaggerated, I think, both morally and technically. In most professional armies, national spirit has been a factor secondary to the soldierly spirit, which grows out of training, discipline, and comradeship. Isolation from ordinary national life tends to strengthen it.

If we look back in history, we can see its strength. In the Roman Legions, from the time of Marius on, patriotism counted for little. Their triumphs were produced by training and the soldierly spirit. The same elements were predominant in the soldiers of fortune who long formed the *corps d'elite* of many armies.

Composite nationality should all the less affect an international force, because its members would not be fighting under the flag of one foreign nation. (If called on for action, the section that belonged to the offending nationality would, naturally, not be employed.) *Esprit de corps* would soon grow.

If any doubt remains, it should be dispelled by the way in which the importance of pugnacity is decreasing in the more modern types of force, and being replaced by the dispassionate determination that accompanies pride of craftsmanship.

Pugnacity matters less in a tankman than in an infantryman. It is not required in the artilleryman. The more mechanical the weapons become, the less will the absence of a national spirit be felt.

This leads on to a further deduction—that if an international force mainly employs long-range weapons it will avoid many difficulties that now loom large.

Pool Weapons for Safety

The world would be safer if the more powerful offensive weapons, especially the longer range ones, were entrusted solely to an international force. Such a force would, in any case, need to possess a predominance in them if it were to have any chance of enforcing the decisions of the international authority. But if the national forces also retain these weapons, that would entail the international force being proportionally larger—and the larger it has to be, the more difficult its creation.

A similar problem is involved in any scheme of organizing an international army on the same comprehensive lines as the national armies. If it includes a mass of infantry it is bound to be of such bulk as to increase, immensely, the difficulties both of creating and operating it.

A possible solution of both problems might be found by making the international force of a more specialized nature. Thus, apart from the air and naval components, it might comprise only the more powerful types of land force—armoured and airborne divisions, long-range artillery and rocket units—with the minimum of infantry required for their immediate protection. The main body of the infantry required might be provided by contingents from the various national armies.

Whatever the composition of Unoforce the question of adequate and suitable bases will remain the basic problem. The possessive disposition that expresses itself in vehement insistence on the rights of national sovereignty is a primary obstacle. But the concession of bases on national territory would not really suffice. They would be too exposed.

For security, a base needs a covering zone that cannot be easily dominated or penetrated. That need calls for the creation of international territories in different parts of the world—a chain of larger "Tangiers."

The answer might be the internationalization of portions of ex-enemy territory and mandated territory. But to make it adequate the members of U.N.O. would also have to hand over pieces of their own territory in various quarters.

The political objections are obvious. But the conclusion has to be faced that there can be no security for any nation on earth without a partial surrender of national rights to a higher authority in which each shares.

Admiral Sir Henry Moore, first president of U.N.O.'s Military Staff Committee. National jealousies are main obstacle to agreement

PRIESTLEY'S PAGE

J. B. Priestley's views are always stimulating. In this feature each week, he discusses subjects that John Bull readers have put to him

Q. "How can we stop the current wave of gangsterism in Britain?"

THIS "gangsterism" is the natural result of the war. In our large cities are innumerable deserters from the Services, men who feel that they are outlaws. Other men, who may have been trained to be violent and unscrupulous, cannot settle down to a routine civilian life, and so take to crime, often with violence.

There are plenty of weapons about, and when men have weapons they are always tempted to use them.

In addition, there are, especially in London, a good many men not of British nationality who consider they have no country at all now, and so feel that they are outside the law.

I am no authority on possible police tactics, but it does seem to me that we can do much to stop this wave of "gangsterism" by, first, dealing with the deserter problem; secondly, by insisting upon the surrender of all weapons, and then heavily penalizing any failure to surrender them; thirdly, by rounding up and examining all dubious alien types.

It would help, too, if rather less publicity—sometimes almost of an admiring kind—were given to the miserable young toughs who are mixed up in these crimes of violence.

★

Q. "When, in your view, is the best time to take the heaviest meal of the day?"

CLEARLY this depends upon a person's work and general circumstances. When I was a boy in the West Riding, we had our chief meal of the day at what I should now call "lunch time."

Afterwards I got into the habit, from Cambridge onwards, of having a light meal at lunch time and making dinner at night easily the heaviest meal of them all.

This seemed sensible, for work was over for the day then, and you could share dinner with friends, and follow it up with talk or some easy form of recreation.

But now I incline to the view that, if circumstances allow it, the best time for the chief meal is between morning and afternoon.

But of course this arrangement demands that you have time to rest in the early afternoon. And I believe this to be right, too.

The English and American habit of what the latter call "commuting," that is, living a long way from where you work, has made it necessary for most businesses to finish much earlier than they used to do and to cut down the lunch interval to about an hour.

But, in spite of this, I cannot help feeling that the old system, which still prevailed in most Continental countries until the war, of having a long, leisurely time for an ample midday meal and a siesta after it and then working much later, had much to be said for it.

If we build some new towns in the near future, I hope they will be designed to enable people to live fairly near their work. Living so near mine (on the floor below, in fact), I work on the old plan: slogging away all morning, taking it easy most of the afternoon, and then slogging away again until about eight o'clock.

This has the further advantage of keeping me away from all cocktail parties, a form of hospitality I thoroughly dislike.

★

Q. "If we are faced with the alternative of tightening our belts still further or seeking another American loan, which course would you choose—and why?"

UNLESS the lack of American credit spells complete disaster, I would be in favour of not seeking another American loan, even if it means that we must do some temporary belt-tightening.

My reasons for saying this are psychological rather than economic.

While conditions are merely drifting slowly from bad to worse, we British simply grumble and do nothing. It is a definite crisis that makes us face unpleasant facts and really take action.

I doubt if most people here realize yet that circumstances are offering us just as big a challenge now as they did in 1940 and 1941. The Government nags away, but we need something better than "Work or Want" posters, often surrounded by spivs and idlers who ought to be at work, to make us tackle the peace as we tackled the war. The absence of an American loan, plus the belt-tightening, might just do the trick.

Meanwhile, loan or no loan, there are large commercial interests in America that are just as anxious to send us their products as we are to receive them, and those interests might find it necessary to extend credit to us.

And the American taxpayer might realize then that he is not keeping us, as if we were some nuisance or poor relation, and might be made to understand that we are not poor now because we happen to have a Labour Government but because we threw everything into the war, for a cause that was as much America's as it was ours.

★

Q. "What do you think of organized holiday camps?"

I CANNOT, of course, pretend to have any opinion of individual camps. But I have visited one or two, and I am all in favour of the holiday camp idea for all those people who rather like to enjoy their holidays with the crowd.

From the holidaymakers' point of view, the camps have several important advantages.

They offer a far greater variety of games and amusements than most people can find in the ordinary seaside resort. Considering all that they offer, they are, I imagine, cheaper than the same kind of holiday privately organized. In the larger camps, mothers can leave young children safely and happily in playgrounds specially provided for them.

Everything is, in fact, "laid on," and this saves much time, trouble and loss of temper.

Then, from the point of view of the general public, there is much to be said in favour of these camps. They house and amuse a great number of people in comparatively little space, and do not spoil miles of beautiful scenery, as the sprawling resort does.

People who like a noisy holiday can enjoy it with other people who like a noisy holiday, and thus the noise is concentrated, and there is more peace and quiet elsewhere.

I will freely admit that these camps do not offer the kind of holiday I want myself, but to the millions who crowd to the large popular resorts, who like to have a roaring good time with a mass of other folk, these camps offer a great deal that is worth having; and I think the extension of this holiday camp idea a good and not a bad development in our national life.

*** If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests or appeals, please

Private View of Ingrid Bergman

SENSE AND SENSITIVITY

A FEW MONTHS AGO Ingrid Bergman did something considered very naughty by the people who make movies—she sacrificed the opportunity of earning £100,000 in six months by going on the New York stage to play in *Joan of Lorraine*.

They had argued she was being silly, that she was throwing money down the drain, exposing herself to the critics and that she would be a flop. It was of no avail. All the argument in the world would not have shaken Bergman's resolve. She was determined to appear as St. Joan.

Bergman's yen for the part goes back over many years of reading about Joan, researching, planning, studying, to the time when she first identified herself with the looks and character of the tomboy saint. Bergman felt that they were both tall and simple, with big feet and straight hair, and together they loved flowers and children.

She said: "Shaw's Joan was brazen, she called the Dauphin Charlie and carried on and hated to be a woman and wear skirts and wanted all the time to be with men and war. . . . I love the real Joan and want to be true to her."

Maxwell Anderson's version of Joan thrilled Bergman. When he told her, as they lay side by side on a beach in swimsuits under an immense striped umbrella, that he had written the play with her in mind and that the part was hers for the taking, she borrowed his pen and signed the contract there and then.

And she knew it was going to make those movie moguls mad. Why not? Selznick had enticed her to Hollywood with the part of St. Joan dangled before her, like a red carrot just out of reach. It had never materialized. True, he had offered her the title role in a picture about Sarah Bernhardt, but Bergman had refused because she knew she could never look like Bernhardt, who was small, with red hair, very tense and histrionic.

"That's okay," Selznick had reassured her. "Bernhardt's been dead a long time and nobody knows what she looks like."

"But I know," Bergman had replied, turning down the offer.

Ingrid Bergman's artistic salvation is a very personal thing, and it has to be worked out with variety, discipline and the rigour of work. Her career, in other words her life, she visualizes as a mosaic with a pattern that began when she started acting for her own entertainment in the nursery.

Motherless at the age of two, she was brought up by her father, a Stockholm photographer, and later by an aunt, after his death when she was twelve. Childhood companions for Bergman were grown-ups. She had an inhibited shyness for children her own age. And she remained aloof, distrustful and unpopular until one day she decided to put an end to this state of affairs.

It happened that the gymnastics teacher did not arrive and the class had the gym to themselves. A very young and blushing Ingrid jumped on to the stage and said: "I will entertain you!" They laughed and she bit her lip, but she was a curiosity and the children attended.

Ingrid acted a French comedy, doing all the parts herself, as she had done so often alone in her room, and the kids applauded. The echo of that clapping she heard years later on a U.S.O. tour when she played ten characters in a sketch written by Ben Hecht.

From school, Bergman went to the Royal Dramatic School, Stockholm. The way she was admitted is worth recording. Part of the entrance examination was a stage test before twenty judges. Bergman read the speech of the mad boy from Rostand's *L'Aiglon*, and was so entirely carried away by its emotion that, when it was over, she walked off the stage, into the street, without listening for the applause. She knew nothing of the wild scene that followed, of how they had encored and wanted her back. She didn't even know she had been elected.

At twenty-one she was already an important figure in Swedish films. David O. Selznick, having bought the rights of a picture called *Intermezzo*, in which she starred, persuaded Bergman to repeat her performance in the Hollywood version, re-titled *Escape to Happiness*.

The film, not particularly remarkable in other respects, roused considerable enthusiasm for Bergman in this country and the States. Selznick, with whom she had signed a long-term contract, proceeded to hire her out to other producers for a long string of appearances, some suitable and others—the Cockney prostitute in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, for instance—fantastic examples of mis-casting.

But her own indestructible talent carried her through the bad roles in addition to increasing her reputation in the good ones. An "Oscar" deservedly came her way for her performance in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Today it is doubtful if there is any actress on either side of the Atlantic who can excel her.

BERGMAN'S acting has always been tense and emotional and entirely abandoned to the character under portrayal. Introspective, as all great artists are, her egotism is manifest in her superhuman qualities.

Apart from her natural shyness, there is a native Swedish reserve, engendered by the formality of the Swedish language. For instance, they say: "Would Mr. Minister like to have a cup of tea?" A strict training has made her aloof, ladylike and exemplary in her morals and private life. But her co-stars have all loved her shamelessly. Directors find her intelligent, resourceful and obedient to correction. She is, they swear, a paragon, abundant with beauty, talent, kindness, charm and sincerity.

"Such beauty of the soul!" one enthused. "So genuine, self-effacing and considerate!" and went on to relate how she had refused the dramatic value of an entrance in *Joan of Lorraine* to the alternative of being found on the stage, as it seemed more in character with the part.

Being a woman of good sense, and holding herself always in the vice-grip of self-control, Bergman makes of her virtues what she intends them to be—a wonderful shop window. On the surface she is placid and untemperamental. She exhibits no tantrums because she knows an angry person looks silly. Instead she bottles up her emotions and takes them home. In the solitude of her bedroom she screams and cries.

This, of course, upsets Pia, her solemn-faced, wide-eyed little daughter. "No, Pia darling, no!" she once reassured the child, who had walked in and questioned reproachfully with her eyes. "I'm never angry at you, Pia darling. No matter what I do, it's not because of you!" The next time it happened, Pia came in and said, "I forgive you, mother."

Never entirely interested in the economics of her profession, Ingrid Bergman could for years have earned very much more if she had asked for it. Her pay cheque (now £200,000 a year) is paid into a joint account with her husband and, though Bergman hardly knows just how much she actually has, her shopping is always guided by Scandinavian thrift. Once she bought an outfit and asked her English coach and confidante, "Can I afford it?"

She dresses plainly, wears flat-heeled shoes as a more reasonable foundation for five feet eight inches, shelters behind no makeup other than a streak of lipstick, carries no jewellery, and her nails are unvarnished.

THIS masculine attitude to trivia emphasizes the dominant trait of Bergman's character—her impatience. She washes her own hair because she can't bear to waste time under a drier. She can't be bothered going from store to store, matching hats and gloves and trying on shoes. Crowds bore her. Formal occasions exasperate her. Slow cars, trains, elevators madden her; they hold her back from work, the studio, her part.

Therefore she loathes Sunday. Monday is a joy to her because she can be back at her job well on time. She never relaxes. She is not interested in pleasure. If she reads a book, it will be one that can help her at work. She learnt French to act in France. And she became expert at riding and tennis—simply to display these accomplishments in a film.

Bergman's husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, takes himself and his work just as seriously. Originally a dentist in Stockholm, he gave up his practice when his wife sailed for Hollywood, then studied medicine at Rochester University and is now employed as a neuro-surgeon at the Los Angeles General Hospital.

Lindstrom is a vigorous little man who wants to doctor everybody he meets. At a recent party he went round to various people saying, "I'm Doctor Lindstrom. I would like to meet you." If he discovered anything wrong he'd want to write a prescription.

Relentlessly, Lindstrom flogs himself at work, treats people all day long, then comes home and reads medical books for relaxation. He exercises only to keep fit for work, and together he and Ingrid used to hike miles. To make the workouts more effective, Lindstrom always carried a pack. One hot Sunday afternoon they sat down to rest under a tree. She was famished and thought she would explore the pack. She did.

It was filled with bricks.

DENNIS HOLMAN

From outside, Farnborough Junior Approved School looks pleasant enough. But inside there's bleak discipline. Will these three young offenders "go straight" after leaving here, or is it their halfway house to prison?

PROBLEM OF THE YOUNG LAGS

by FENNER BROCKWAY

Too many Borstal boys continue along the path of crime on their release, finishing up as confirmed wrongdoers. The present system must bear the blame

WALTER GRAHAM ROWLAND was hanged on February 27 for murdering a prostitute at Manchester. Since his teens Rowland had spent most of his years in Borstal or in prison, and his record was particularly vicious.

He was little more than a lad when he knifed a girl who had aroused his jealousy. The girl forgave him and married him on the completion of his Borstal sentence, but a few years later he was doing a long term in prison for stealing.

Back at home again things went well for a time, and then one night when his wife was out he lost his temper with their baby and strangled it. He was sentenced to death and many people thought he was fortunate to be reprieved—he was certainly fortunate to be released in order to join the Army after he had served nine years.

Demobilized, he committed his second murder at thirty-eight years of age, and this time there was no reprieve.

Of what use to society was Rowland?

Eight Sentences in Twelve Years

Frederick Westbrook was sentenced to eleven years penal servitude on February 13 for killing a Jamaican airman and wounding a police constable.

He began stealing at the age of fifteen and was sent to an approved school. In the twelve following years he served three Borstal sentences and five prison sentences, varying from six to twenty-one months, for repeated burglaries. No sooner was he released than he took to stealing again. Finally he was sentenced for manslaughter rather than murder because, to quote the judge, "the jury has given you the benefit of a very slender doubt."

What can be done with a man like that except shut him up?

Yet, if we think a little further about such cases, another question must arise in our minds. Borstal institutions are supposed to be primarily educative, and even in the case of prisons the main emphasis is laid by the Home Office on reform. Neither Borstal nor prison treatment appear to have been very successful in educating and reforming Rowland and Westbrook.

Rowland was ruined by ungovernable temper. Anger caused him to knife his girl, to strangle his child and to murder a prostitute.

Clearly he was abnormal; indeed, the reprieve granted when he took the life of his child indicates that his emotional instability was recognized. He should have been given psychological treatment from the first. There would then have been a reasonable chance that he might learn to control his emotions and to direct them to better purposes.

But there is no evidence that any attempt was made—at any time during his three long sentences—to treat his temperamental difficulties in a curative way.

And repeated terms in Borstal and prison failed to fit Westbrook for a life of honest work. I have not had an opportunity to test whether he was ever taught a trade—judging by other cases the probability is that he was *not*—but even if he learned a job it is clear that neither Borstal nor prison instilled in him any desire to do it.

He just went on stealing.

How far are Rowland and Westbrook typical? I will go to the Prison Commissioners for an answer.

They report that forty-one per cent of the lads and forty-nine per cent of the girls who went to Borstal Institutions from 1938-1942 were afterwards re-convicted for further offences. In the case of the boys, twenty-one per cent were re-convicted two or more times; in the case of girls, thirty-one per cent.

And prisons? Some twenty per cent return for repeated offences. In 1943, the last year for which there are statistics, 7,553 men and 1,030 women in prison had had from one to five previous sentences.

As many as 894 men and 59 women had served from eleven to twenty previous sentences. The 59 women had actually all been in prison on more than twenty occasions; the number of men who had this record was 391.

The Commissioners appear to be fairly satisfied with these proportions, but what should we say of a hospital if forty per cent of its cases (as at Borstal) or even twenty per cent (as in prison), were not cured?

Prison visitors, whose duties enable them to obtain an intimate knowledge of criminals, help in showing the human story behind these statistics.

Ended Up a Murderer

I questioned a prison visitor who has had long years of experience both in the north and south of England. We talked about Rowland, and that led him to tell of another boy who had graduated through Borstal and prison to murder.

His name was Ernest Bramah. As a lad he was sent to Borstal for larceny. He learned no trade there, and at the end of his sentence earned an uncertain livelihood for a time by helping his father in street hawking.

He drifted to Sheffield, where he was again arrested for larceny and returned to Borstal. Several terms of imprisonment for thefts followed—and then during an attempted robbery he killed an old woman who kept a shop. At his trial he was found to be a mental case and was sent to Broadmoor, the asylum for criminals.

The prison visitor made three comments on this case. He asked, first, how it was that Bramah's

mental derangement was only detected at the final trial for murder. It was there potentially when he committed his earlier thefts; it was developing during his repeated sentences.

Secondly, Bramah was taught no trade either at Borstal or in prison, and thus his opportunity to obtain honest and secure work was prejudiced.

Thirdly, when Bramah was first sentenced to imprisonment he was denied the special treatment for first offenders and young prisoners.

Can we doubt that something is seriously wrong with our treatment of young law-breakers?

Thirty-four years ago the late Dr. Charles Goring, in his classic inquiry, "The English Convict," showed that of 2,204 habitual criminals whose records he investigated, more than half (53.3 per cent) were first convicted before the age of sixteen.

The proportion is certainly not less today. The majority appear on charges of theft. This fact should pull us up sharply. Most of us passed through a period of thieving when we were youngsters. For my part, I have no doubt that if I had lived in a slum as a boy I should have found myself, sooner or later, in an approved school.

And the boys and girls who are sent to approved schools, and afterwards to Borstal Institutions, are mostly slum children.

Of Borstal inmates, the Borstal Association once remarked that their environment was so bad that "parents living in such places who would protect their children from a compendious knowledge of evil and a low standard of behaviour would have to take them up in a balloon."

We need, then, to remember that many young offenders have only been guilty of misdemeanours common to childhood, and that social conditions form the background of their crimes.

Thus, they start on their careers of law-breaking more sinned against than sinning.

Child offenders are sent to approved schools between the ages of ten and fifteen. While awaiting allocation, they are sent to remand homes. These are intended to be places of temporary lodging, and no proper provision is made for education.

Yet many of the children remain in them for months. The Curtis Report tells of a Remand Home where one girl had waited five months; two, seven months, and one, eight months.

Children Sent to Prison

During the war years children were actually sent to prison before going to approved schools. Among others, a fourteen-year-old girl was sent to Holloway Prison, and a fourteen-year-old boy to Leeds Prison.

This was a crime against the children much greater than any they had committed.

Approved schools differ in one important respect from other institutions to which law-breakers are sent. Most of them are managed by voluntary associations, the rest by local authorities.

This system has the advantage of allowing variety and experiment. Many of the schools appear to be well run, encouraging the children to develop in a happy atmosphere. But sometimes the regime is more like a prison than a school.

The Curtis Report describes a mealtime at a junior boys' school as "one of the most depressing sights we have seen in any school." This is what happened: "The boys were lined up and marched in and out: signals were given by the member of the staff in charge to 'sit down,' 'pour tea,' 'stop pouring tea,' 'begin to eat.' . . . The boys looked strained and unhappy."

Governors of both boys' and girls' Borstals have commented unfavourably on the effects of approved school treatment upon adolescents who have come to them subsequently.

"The ex-Home Office school type are particularly difficult," reported the Governor of Camp Hill Borstal Institution, "and they seem to be institutionalized in a marked degree." If the children are too "institutionalized" for Borstal, how can they fit in to the freedom of the outside world?

There are nearly as many child offenders in approved schools as adult offenders in prisons. The number is 11,000, of whom 2,000 are girls. They include two groups who should certainly never be sent to approved schools.

The first are the under-tens. The courts are allowed to commit a child under this age if they are satisfied that "he cannot suitably be dealt with otherwise." Between January, 1934, and October, 1937, the number of under-tens sent to approved schools was 625, of whom 17 were under six years of age and 57 between six and seven.

In *English Juvenile Courts* Miss Winifred Elkin gives some instances.

Two boys of nine were summoned for wilful damage. They had a bad school record of truancy; the headmaster reported that their parents did not attempt to exercise control. They were sent to an approved school without the alternative of care by a "fit" person being considered.

Premium on Normal Growth

A boy of eight was charged with stealing a purse. Earlier he had been bound over for stealing from his mother. He had no father. The experiment of placing him in a family where a father's influence could be exerted was not tried.

These children can be kept in an approved school until fifteen years of age. That is to say, some live for nine years with young law-breakers as their only companions. What hope can there be that they will grow up to normal adolescence?

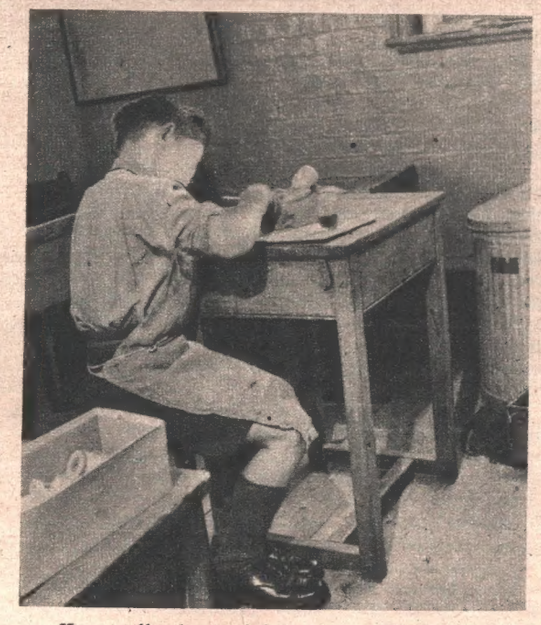
The other group of children who ought never to enter approved schools are those on the border line of mental deficiency. The number is considerable. Of 400 cases in one school, thirty-two per cent were found on examination to be border-line cases.

The Home Office is now planning six classifying schools, the staff of which will include educational psychologists, but mentally subnormal children should not go to approved schools at all. Their place is in the special schools which the education authorities provide.

The Home Office claims that eighty-five to ninety per cent of approved school inmates subsequently "do well." The figures suggest that this is an optimistic estimate. The last returns show that twenty-five per cent of the boys and girls who left in 1930-31 had again been summoned for offences.

In 1937 the Chief Constable of Liverpool traced the history for five years of all juveniles committed to approved schools from the city during three years. His "successes" ranged from twenty-five per cent to seventy-five per cent. In no case did they approach the Home Office claim.

The next stage after the approved schools are the Borstal Institutions, to which offenders between sixteen and twenty-three may be sent for not less than two, and not more than three, years. The number of Borstal inmates is a little more than 2,000—1,800 boys and 250 girls.



Young offender models in clay at Westwood, Farnborough—one junior approved school at which the creative impulse is encouraged

Borstals serve as a half-way house between approved schools and prison. The treatment aims at being educational and reformative, but discipline is strict and the atmosphere is one of punishment.

Since Borstals were opened in 1908, the reformative side of the regime has advanced and the punitive side retreated, but most Borstal inmates still feel themselves prisoners. Thus they lack the impulse to co-operate which is the first necessity for reform and training.

The house system of our public schools has been adopted, with housemasters to develop character and instructors to teach trades.

But the general staff is composed of warders who come from the same training centres as prison warders. The fact that they have discarded their uniforms does not mean that they have discarded their tradition of military discipline.

The boys go to Wormwood Scrubs Prison for classification, and this first impression never leaves them. They return to "the Scrubs" if they behave badly, and if they get into trouble again after being released on licence they go to Chelmsford Prison.

Girls whose licences are revoked are sent to Holloway, and part of the prison at Aylesbury is used by the girls' Borstal established there. Three other Borstals are "converted" prisons.

The avowed object of Borstal treatment—"the all-round development of character and capacities, moral, mental, physical and vocational"—can never be achieved until it has been entirely removed from prison atmosphere and surroundings.

Break from Old Methods

The Prison Commissioners have taken bold steps to break from old penal methods. Three of the Borstal Institutions are now open "camps" and one has been specially built with no security wall.

Even where Borstal Institutions have security walls, the boys are not confined to them. Those who are taking their "vocational training" in agriculture are sent out to work on farms.

Borstal boys are employed in engineering, building and other crafts. How comes it, then, that the complaint is so often made that they have not learned a trade? This is partly because they do not stay long enough, but the main reason is that no real attempt is made to teach a trade.

In the Home Office booklet, *Prisons and Borstals*, published in 1945, it is stated that, while a boy may learn to do skilled work, "he is not 'taught a trade' in the sense that he goes out as a trained craftsman," and the explanation is added: "The shops are primarily centres of production."

So long as output is the first consideration, real vocational training cannot be given.

It is difficult to resist the conclusion that most inmates of approved schools and Borstals would have been better if they had never gone there. The segregation of children and adolescents as law-breakers, their isolation from the community, the separation of the sexes over a long period, and the absence of normal family and social relationships inevitably tend to create anti-social types.

"You are a very remarkable example of the utter and complete futility of institutional treatment," Mr. Justice Stable told Henry Batley, a lad of eighteen who, except for brief periods when he had absconded, had been an inmate of approved schools and Borstal Institutions for four years. "I am sorry to say that I most profoundly disagree with the Prison Commission when they recommend that you be returned to Borstal. Their treatment up to date has been a complete and utter failure."

Batley was charged with factory breaking and assaulting a policeman. His record included twenty house-breaking and shop-breaking offences. Yet, rather than send him back to Borstal, Mr. Justice Stable discharged him.

When an experienced judge acts in this way, it is time that we asked ourselves whether there are not better ways of treating young offenders.

In a further article, Fenner Brockway will state his plan for prison reform

The way ahead for our railways

by CYRIL JAMES

For Britain's railways, the next station down the line is nationalization. And the passenger? De luxe "specials" are all very well, but it's a better "8.25" that matters

AS THE HOLIDAY SEASON ADVANCES, public dissatisfaction with the railways will undoubtedly grow. Long queues at the stations; crowded compartments and corridors; train meals that have changed from a joke to an irritation—these things are, unhappily, becoming a part of the summer scene.

On the eve of nationalization our railways, long admired by the whole world, are in poorer shape than for many years past.

The men who run the railways know that they have a long, hard pull ahead before they can hope to offer the public service and facilities even approaching prewar standards. The recent ten per cent cut in passenger trains, a legacy of the fuel crisis, has worsened the position, and the overcrowded and ill-used customer also faces further increases in fares and the loss of weekend and excursion ticket concessions.

What, then, has gone wrong with our railways?

The first and most important fact to realize is that British railways have not yet recovered from a war strain heavier than that imposed on any other system in the world—except possibly the German *Reichbahn* under Allied heavy bombing.

During the war they lost nearly 400 employees, 637 passenger coaches, 3,300 trucks. Hundreds of stations were bombed.

Maintenance fell to a level which would have scandalized the meticulous, old-time railwayman.

That after more than five years of such conditions our railways were able to cope with D-Day and subsequent war traffic must appear a miracle.

Now the after-effects of that effort are revealing themselves with each postwar holiday season.

Certain crack trains—the Southern Railway's *Golden Arrow* is a good example—are making an attempt to recapture the glitter and efficiency of the old days, but the condition of the ordinary train (which is the one most of us use) is an infuriating reminder that war remains costly to the victors long after the "cease fire" and victory parades.

Famous express trains like the L.N.E.R.'s *Silver Jubilee* and *Coronation Express* no longer roar on their record-breaking runs, touching speeds of more than 100 m.p.h. Our lines are in no state to take such speeds and until we get the men and materials to restore the permanent way to something like 1938 standards, it is goodbye to our most famous expresses.

Material deficiencies may be measured from the fact that in one item alone, sleepers, we are 10,000,000 short—and many other industries besides the railways are clamouring for the small stocks of available timber.

The Finance of the Business

But before we start shedding tears over the plight of the war-stricken railway companies, it is as well to get the finance of the business clearly in perspective.

Many people have a vague impression that the railways are nearly always in financial difficulties. At this very moment costs are exceeding receipts, and there is the threat of still higher fares to raise additional revenue. Nevertheless, the truth is that British railways have always done pretty well for the shareholders—and up to the moment are still doing well for them.

In 1923, when the 123 separate railway systems that had operated until then were amalgamated into four non-competing lines — the L.M.S., L.N.E.R., Great Western and Southern Railways —it was laid down that shareholders should receive a standard revenue of £51 million a year—or just five per cent on their investments. And although following various industrial and economic crises the railways have not always attained this revenue, the results have been remarkable enough.

For instance, in 1932, one of the worst years in modern railway records, British railways paid shareholders more than £26 million, while United States railways ended the year with a deficit of nearly £40 million.

Above all, the way in which we have managed to make passenger transport pay has aroused a great deal of envious astonishment on the other side of the Atlantic. Passenger transport is obviously not such a paying business as the haulage of freight, yet the Southern Railway, which derives about three-quarters of its revenue from passenger fares, has in the past come closer than any other company to achieving its standard revenue.

So that when the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in announcing the Government's payment plans for railway shareholders under nationalization, described our railway system as "a very poor bag of physical assets," he was picking his adjectives with care.

Physically the 52,000 miles of British railways are in poor shape. Financially they have proved their ability to make plenty of money, and during the war—by which time the Government had temporarily taken them over—they made the not inconsiderable profit of round about £230 million. Profit in 1942 alone reached nearly £100 million.

However caustically Mr. Dalton may describe them, he knows better than anyone else that in taking over the railways the State is acquiring an asset which can still be very profitable.

All this, however, is of little consolation to the holidaymaker, battling his way to an uncomfortable squatting place in a crammed corridor; or to the suburban traveller whose early-morning journey to business can often be more exhausting than the day's work that follows.

If he is a student of railway profits, he may reflect that, war or no war, had a little money gone into the furnishing and design of passenger trains instead of into the shareholders' pockets, then perhaps the compartment would not today be *quite* so dingy, dusty and threadbare. And perhaps there would be more trains and compartments.

A few months ago, in a joint advertisement, the railway companies stated:

"The main-line railways' postwar plans include the introduction of the latest scientific improvements in new locomotives and reconditioning existing engines. Passenger rolling stock will include new designs with bright colours, new fabrics, plastics and other materials. The finest railway service in the world will be offered to the British public as soon as materials and manpower permit."

That was some little time ago and, after the experiences of this summer's start, travellers are beginning to murmur, "Jam tomorrow, jam yesterday—never jam today." Opponents of nationalization have rubbed it in by hinting that when the State takes over the railways it is possible that many improvements conceived under private enterprise may be scrapped or shelved.

This is not the case. Long-range plans of railway development are laid down years in advance, and but for the war it is certain that vast changes and improvements would already have taken place. Nationalization should help rather than hinder these developments.

The Locomotive of Tomorrow

What, then, can we expect as a first and early instalment of the benefits which the railways dangle before us?

Probably the most striking change the future will bring will be in the locomotive itself. With one eye on their reduced coal stocks and the other on the publicity value of efficient innovations, the railways look forward to the time when the old steam locomotive will have vanished from the main lines. In its place they will offer diesel and gas turbine-electric locomotives.

The gas turbine engine — it works on basic principles already tested in jet-propelled aircraft—is no blue-print fantasy. Two are being made at this moment for the G.W.R.—one in Switzerland and the other at Manchester. The new loco looks rather like an enlargement of an underground train engine, burns fuel oil and throws off exhaust gases through its roof. It has no "funnel," can be controlled by one man and carries enough fuel for a non-stop run of 250 miles. Fuel consumption is less than half of the steam type for equal work done. Its maximum continuous speed is 90 m.p.h.

Diesel-engine locomotives may be found more suitable for goods traffic or for branch lines.

Probably one of the other mechanical innovations the railway companies will undertake as a start to the modernization programme will be an overhaul of the signalling system. This may not put any more stuffing in the compartment seats, or improve the quality of train meals, but it is immensely important if we are to retain our railways' reputation for safety.

At the moment the railway signalling system is based on the semaphore. As rail travel speeds up, the need will emerge for a system which can keep the man on the footplate in touch with the signal

Continued on page 14

SCHOOL FOR STARS

Britain's expanding film industry is short of up-an

to remedy this—a sch

by JOHN K. NEWNHAM

Glamorous quintet trained for the screen by J. Arthur Rank's "Charm School." Left to right, back row: Susan Shaw, Zena Marshall, Constance Smith, with Sonia Holm (wearing necklace) and Maura Kerry in front

IT IS THURSDAY EVENING in London. Between forty and fifty people are crowding into a big room in a West End flat. A stranger dropping in might mistake it for just another cocktail party on a large scale. But this one has a more serious purpose.

Take a look at some of the younger people among the guests — very good-looking young men and exceptionally attractive girls. Average age of the girls is seventeen and a half. The men are rather older.

They look very calm and sure of themselves, faultlessly behaved, perfectly clothed; the girls' make-up flawless, hairdos just right.

Their conversation seems easy and unforced. But beneath it all they are feeling like hell.

The youngsters who look like gods and goddesses —and feel like death—are pupils of the J. Arthur Rank "Charm School." The boss of the school, ex-actor David Henley, is the host. His role is very much like that of an auctioneer in a market.

For the purpose of the party is to display his pupils to producers, directors, casting directors and other interested people belonging to the Rank film-producing organization. It gives them an opportunity to meet the younger players who are being "groomed" for British film stardom.

The whole affair is purely informal. No business is conducted on the spot. But the following morning David Henley's telephone rings.

"This is Roger Ould," says a voice. "I met one of your youngsters at your flat last night—Susan Shaw. I like the look of her. Can we have her for a test for *It Always Rains on Sunday?*"

And so Susan Shaw finds her way into a picture at Ealing. Or maybe it is the casting director from Cineguild or Two Cities—and Maxwell Reed or Jane Hylton or Sonia Holm or one of the other "Charm School" pupils goes into a new film.

The young stars-to-be know this while they move around at the party and they know that the impression they make may affect their whole future.

They know, too, that the "Charm School" experts who have been grooming them for weeks are watching them now, and that they will hear about any errors in deportment next day.

The number of guests at this regular Thursday evening party varies from week to week. The players who go along are those who have already received their initial training.

This training school is the first really serious effort to discover and "groom" new stars for British films. There have been spasmodic attempts in the past, but they have all petered out. This one is now well under way and is thoroughly established.

It is just over a year old, and during these first twelve months of its existence a great deal has been heard about its glamour angle. But is it really succeeding in what it has set out to do?

"Sameness" the Danger

Schools like this run into many difficulties. Even in Hollywood, where they have brought the thing to a fine art, the schools for stars have turned out a sickening procession of standardized models. New players are poured into the same melting pot. When they come out on the screen they have similar looks, hair styles, even voices. They walk the same way, act the same way, express their emotions in the same way. They probably think the same way (that is, if they think at all). It is difficult to tell one from another.

That is the danger of film schools. If the training they give is standardized and mechanical, their results can so easily be disappointing. They can turn out a lot of beautifully groomed players with

d-coming players. Here is the real story of an experiment that seeks

ol that aims at grooming starlets for stardom without rubber-stamping them in the process

voices like B.B.C. announcers and no individuality whatever.

On the other hand, filmgoers will always go to see stars they know. The star is still as important to a film's success as the story, the director o the background—often more so. And Britain's star stock is low compared with the number of pictures being made. The need for new stars is desperate.

Are we succeeding in finding them? Are we setting about it in the right way?

I asked David Henley for a frank answer to the question: "Are you satisfied with the results of the school's first year?"

"Well, Hollywood studios reckon that they are doing well if they find one star in three years among their trainees," he said. "I think we are going to do much better than that."

No "Standard Models"

He pulled out a notebook and showed me a list of names.

"It's early to expect definite results," he went on, "but after their initial training I believe I can point to twelve players who seem to me to be star material. And we're certainly not trying to produce 'standard models.' We want to bring out the individual characteristics of each player. But of course they all get the elementary lessons, in the same way that there are set subjects which have to be taught in any school.

"If a player is swamped by the system and does become 'standardized,' it probably means that her personality is not strong enough. A real individualist will certainly survive. If not—well, perhaps my judgment was wrong in the first place."

"Charm School" is really a misnomer, Henley explained. It is nothing of the sort. The school's official description is the Company of Youth. Its task is not to cultivate glamour or charm as such but to provide British film studios with a steady supply of new acting talent.

The school came into being in this way. Sydney Box, then an independent producer at Hammersmith, began what he called the Company of Youth. At about the same time the Rank organization started to plan a training school for its younger contract players.

Then Box joined Rank, and the schools were merged, taking over the name of Box's school.

Today the school has a floating strength of approximately twenty pupils at a time. The number varies. As promising newcomers are found, they go to the school. As the older pupils gain experience, they pass out of the classroom stage. About two fresh names are added each month.

Henley receives over five hundred requests a week from would-be students, but the casual applicant's chances are slender. Henley prefers to find his own talent. He is not much interested in the girl or man with vague dreams of film fame. He is more concerned with the people who have already made a start for themselves in amateur or repertory acting companies.

Very occasionally, though, a completely inexperienced newcomer may get a chance. Susan Shaw was a photographer's model. She was introduced to an agent, who sent her along to see Sydney Box although she had never done any acting.

Box liked the look of her, liked the test she made, and put her into his Company of Youth. Now she is talked about as one of the most promising of our new players, with four film parts to her credit in a little over six months.

She is the exception. The others have all had some stage experience first and have been spotted by Henley or one of his scouts.

Youngsters who are headed for stardom are handed over to the school's chief instructress, Molly Terraine, for grooming in the parts they are playing. Jean Simmons, for instance, spent four months with Miss Terraine before playing her most recent and most important part in *Uncle Silas*.

The students normally have to spend six months at the school (currently at Highbury, but soon to be moved) without doing any film work whatever. During this period they have to attend the school regularly. Twice a week, for two-hour periods, they do fencing, which is good for their eyes. One of the minor curses of film-making is that beginners usually blink before the cameras. Fencing cures this. Then there are special limbering-up exercises —three a week, for one hour at a time.

Every day there are breathing and diction lessons, with microphone technique. These are, perhaps, more important than anything else. The "Mayfair" accent was not only a laughing-stock in this country but did our films a considerable amount of harm overseas. The Rank school is eliminating it, and our players are being taught accents which can be accepted anywhere.

The next step is the reading of plays, followed by the rehearsing of plays. From this, the pupils go on to the reading of film scripts, then the reading of individual parts and rehearsing those parts as they should be played in front of the film camera.

The curriculum is gradually being expanded, and soon there are to be lectures by experts from the studios — script writers, directors, sound technicians, art directors.

When the students have reached a good enough standard, they are allowed to appear before the public. They usually go to the repertory theatre which Rank runs at Worthing. You can see many a budding star at the old, wide-staged Connaught Theatre.

The theatre has a permanent repertory company and the film players join it in starring roles for a week or a fortnight. Valerie Hobson, Anne Crawford, Dermot Walsh and Gordon Jackson are a few of the film people who have appeared there.

Producers and directors spot the players there, too. It was through seeing her at Worthing that Peter Ustinov engaged Pamela Matthews for her role in *School for Secrets*.

Their Private Lives

While academies such as the R.A.D.A. concentrate on pure acting, your film school has to take a wider view. Film stardom makes more calls on the private life of a player than stage stardom. When a girl gets a film contract, she sells herself body and soul to the studios.

Each time she appears in public she has got to remember that hundreds of eyes are trained on her. She has got to live up to the expectations of her fans.

That is why Britain's stars of tomorrow are being taught how to behave in private life as well as on the screen; even how to give autographs gracefully! It's not an enviable job, but the rewards are big.

And after all, film stars are usually made, not born. Are we making them? I think we are. It is still too early to judge, but the first year's report is encouraging. The students I have spoken to say that they have learned a lot. Directors who have used them agree that their training has given them camera-sense, and that this saves time and money on the set because they know what to do and how to do it.

If, within the next year or so, you see such names as Susan Shaw, Carol Marsh, Patrick Holt, Sonia Holm, Jane Hylton and Josephine Stuart on the cinema marquees, you will know that this British star school is really succeeding.

Starlets learn to fence. Good for the eyes, it cures blinking before cameras

"Limbering up" class with Molly Terraine, chief instructress. "Upward stretch . . ."

". . . Forward stretch." This sort of thing is prelude to more strictly film training

What would this look like in close-up? Would it convince the one-and-ninepennies?

With my feet up

by Ian Fox

Eating à la Carte

MR. BENN LEVY, M.P., has been deploring the fact that the names of dishes on menus are so often in French. Except for a certain snob value, this old English custom has no advantage for the customer.

The eater-out knows that sausages by any other name taste just as nasty.

The confirmed restaurant feeder isn't bamboozled by French for a moment. He has learnt by bitter experience that, nowadays, even the most elaborate French names mean one of three things—rissoles, sausages or corned beef. By now he is able to guess almost infallibly which it will turn out to be.

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But to restaurant managements, French has great advantages. It makes the menu much longer. It raises the tone of the establishment. It forms an effective disguise (or so many managers seem to think) for inferior food.

The cook says to the manager, "What about that rabbit? It was stew on Monday, mince yesterday and now what's left is getting a bit high."

"Put a good dose of curry powder in it," the manager replies, "and we'll call it *Poulet en casserole à l'Indienne.*"

French brings higher prices, too. "Sausages (2) and Mashed" means about 1s. 6d., but "*Saucissons grillés, pommes purées*" is worth at least half a crown.

Devising the French names must be quite a headache. "What's French for 'dogfish'?" asks the manager.

"Don't know," says the chef. "Serve it on a scallop shell with some spud and call it *Coquille St. Jacques.*"

French menus intimidate a lot of customers. A man who wouldn't hesitate to complain about a greasy mess of stewed sausage meat, watery gravy and outside leaves of cabbage, will think twice if it is called *Côtelette de porc Louis Quinze, chou bouilli à l'eau.*

If he does complain, the waiter can always say, "Well, that's what you ordered," conveying, by his manner, "And if you can't understand French you'd better get out of a high-class joint like this and go to a British Restaurant."

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I suggest that someone should publish a pocket dictionary of postwar menu French. Here are a few items for a beginning.

Boeuf. Beef (if you're lucky).

Oeuf. Dried egg reconstituted with rubber.

Fricassée, Casserole, Goulash, etc. Unidentifiable meat stewed in unmentionable gravy.

Côtelette, Médaillon, etc. Same as *Fricassée* but minced and formed into cakes.

Braisé. Braised, nowadays, usually means a slice of cold meat with warm gravy poured over it.

Poisson. Yesterday's cod.

Salade. A few cubes of beetroot, some cress stalks and a wilted lettuce leaf.

Gâteau. Plain cake daubed with whitewash and sprinkled with vari-coloured sawdust.

Continued from page 11

box at all times. Short-wave wireless is one way of doing this, but at present suitable wavelengths are not available.

What is needed is a signals system as perfect and foolproof as that of London's underground railway. Can we bring such a system above ground? Experts believe we can, and already work is being done on the automatic control of locomotives, by which drivers can be audibly warned of the state of the line ahead.

So by now we have the future passenger drawn by a gas turbine locomotive over a renovated line that is controlled by a new signals system. All very satisfactory—but is the compartment any cleaner? Is there more room on the train? Can he get a decent meal—or even a decent wash?

Here, the prospects for the immediate future are not so bright. True, the railway companies have on show passenger rolling stock in African cherry, Australian maple, mottled ash. Plastic gadgets are scattered around. Fluorescent tubular lighting replaces the old unshielded electric bulbs. Designers have been working to cut out the fussy ornaments and awkward projections in compartments.

But two rather disturbing facts tend to emerge.

First, the inclination of the railway companies to boost and improve their "star" express trains, while little is said about local services which most of us use. (Where is the "show compartment" for a suburban train working from London's Fenchurch Street?)

Second, new designs perpetuate the first- and third-class systems, although clear indication has been given in Parliament that the day of one-class travel is on the way. In all exhibition rolling stock, the odds in luxury and convenience are still heavily on the side of the passenger who can afford to pay first-class fares.

Yet the Minister of Transport has announced that the Government, in taking over the railways, will work towards the ideal of "one class—first class" travel on the rail.

Other improvements promised by the companies come rather under the heading of agreeable novelties. Some attempt may be made to revive radio programmes in trains. This was tried out before the war and came up against the understandable objection that everyone does not want to listen to radio in trains.

More useful is an idea which most companies are considering — a children's playcoach on express trains, where parents may leave their children. A small child is obviously far less likely to be fretful on a long journey if this can be spent playing with toys in a nursery.

Here it is just as well to caution train reformers whose eyes glisten over coloured illustrations of coach equipment in the United States. In that country, train journeys last three or four days.

In Britain, the longest non-stop journey lasts about eight hours; four to four and a half hours is the average. It would be uneconomic and unnecessary to copy American methods, which rest on the assumption that a train is not merely a means of getting from one point to another, but is also an hotel which must feed, sleep and generally cater for guests on a three- or four-days' stay.

Better and Brighter Stations

The grime and discomfort of British stations have been so long associated with a railway journey that we rarely notice how disreputable they have become. The companies, more conscious of these structural difficulties than the passengers, also announce a plan to modernize the stations. There is talk of wonderful new waiting-rooms, with distinctive lighting so that they may be picked out at night; of improved stations, with shopping arcades.

All very commendable, and we must recognize that even if, in these times of restricted materials and manpower, such visions seem a little far off for lavish description now, the companies realize the vast amount of work to be done.

What the railways might do now—or what the Government should do for them—is to show the public that they intend to place first things first.

I have indicated that, under nationalization, railway revenue is not likely to decline. More of that revenue should be turned back into rolling stock and priority given to the needs of the mass of passengers. "Showing the flag" by refurbishing our crack trains may add to the national pride, but it is surely time that something was done to ease the misery and discomfort of the buyers of workers' tickets and season-ticket holders.

Now that the people are taking over the railways, the railways must concentrate on providing a people's service. The "show" trains, blue, golden, yellow or green, can well afford to wait a while.

"... And this is John's corner of the garden"

POLO ON WHEELS

Ten men astride bicycles jostling for a bamboo ball with wooden mallets . . . Will bike polo become a big-time sport?

It's almost wheels within wheels in this tussle. Spills are frequent, but accidents rare

THIS SEASON IS GOING TO BE a crucial one for bicycle polo—a sport which, within a few months, may develop from a "player's game" into a popular attraction drawing big crowds.

And a much wider field for international challenges may result from promoters' efforts to foster the game elsewhere in the Empire and on the Continent.

Bicycle polo is almost as old as pneumatic tyres. Enthusiasts formed local teams and even attempted to arrange international matches close on fifty years ago, and a revival starting ten years before the war saw the sport grow rapidly.

But not until now have the men behind bike polo been able to put into effect some of their ideas for expansion.

Fast, Exciting and Skilful

Evening matches in floodlit stadiums, accommodation for ten thousand spectators at a time, air transport for important fixtures, organized training and a scheme for feeding the teams with young talent—most of these development plans are already coming into operation.

Men with big names in football and greyhound racing have for some time been interested in the sport. Among the spectators at the national championship final in 1945 was Percy Harper, chairman of Crystal Palace F.C. So impressed were he and his Crystal Palace co-officials with the possibilities of the sport that bike polo gained financial help from Mr. Harper and the use of the Palace's Selhurst Park ground.

In London, the stadiums at Wandsworth, Charlton, Mitcham and Selhurst Park have just begun staging regular bike polo meetings. Twenty-one district leagues are active throughout the British Isles. A hundred clubs are now registered, running well over that number of teams.

Combining the rules of hockey and pony polo, the game is fast, exciting and skilful. There are five to a side: goalkeeper, back, half-back and two forwards.

Play begins with the white three-inch ball in the centre of the hundred-yard pitch—divided into quarter-lines. Four players on each side are free to take up position as they wish; the remaining players —the "sprinters."—await the referee's signal at opposite ends of the pitch, front wheels resting on the goal lines.

On the referee's whistle the two "sprinters" streak for the ball. Other players must maintain a distance of fifteen yards until a sprinter reaches centre; after that everyone's in it, steering dexterously with the left hand, swinging three-foot mallet in the right.

In the efforts to drive the ball through the opposing goals—four yards wide, with crossbar nine feet high—the thwacks of the mallets are interspersed with much jostling, colliding and cycle tactics. For if an opponent can be made to lose his balance and set as much as a toe on the ground, he is out of play until fully mounted again.

Six "chukkers," each of fifteen minutes, make up the ninety-minute game. Players are allowed to crook an opponent's stick, play over an opponent's cycle, "ride off" an opposing player in possession of the ball, and charge or lean on an opponent when competing for the ball.

But you must not hold an opponent, hook his cycle, or—according to the latest addendum to Rule 16—"throw a mallet or any other object, including a bicycle."

Nowadays his fixed-wheel bicycle — specially made without mudguards, brakes, wing-nuts or other dangerous projecting parts, and finished in his club colours—will cost a player £10. He wields a wooden mallet costing £1. His protective gear consists of shinguards, knee pads, batting gloves and crash helmet.

A high accident rate might be expected in a game in which players are allowed to charge each other at thirty miles an hour, and in which the hard ball may travel at sixty. In fact, though spills are frequent, serious accidents are few.

The bamboo ball gets the worst hammering; up to twelve balls are worn out in the course of a big match.

Woman Was in Team

The game is basically the same as when it was first invented in 1891 by Richard J. Mecredy, a noted Irish racing cyclist. To meet critics' allegations of danger and roughness, Mecredy included a woman in one of the teams he brought to London for an exhibition match in 1898.

Ireland, first home of the sport, fields good teams and a strong international side. England, Scotland and Wales now also have well-organized national clubs. In India and the United States the game has been used as a training for pony polo.

In France a form of the sport has been played for some thirty years, but there they play with an inflated ball like a small football—a fact which has led to unsatisfactory complications in trying to arrange international matches.

Bike polo in Britain has so far been an all-amateur game. Expenses for the player or his club have been heavy. But the admission charges for public games are low, running from 1s. to 3s. 6d. (7d. for youngsters).

Even so, now that it is fully organized, backed by brains, capital and growing publicity, the sport may well begin to pay considerable dividends.

JOHN McMILLAN

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

The Will to Win

GIVING advice to ambitious young players who long to see themselves on the Centre Court at Wimbledon, a tennis star said recently:

"There are four supreme requirements: (1) The will to win; (2) Concentration; (3) Match temperament; and (4) Tactics. But of all four the one that means most is the will to win."

Now this will to win is a peculiar thing. It is that strange inner urge that can overcome slackness when we're tired, that can give us the courage to go remorselessly on when even our very mind seems to falter.

Anyone who can cultivate it can keep his head when things go wrong. And, most important of all, he can keep his heart in his work instead of letting it slip down into his boots. But it means work, and mighty hard work.

Just imagine what would happen to the world if everyone with a task to do took this advice and acted on it! The student at his books, the workman at his bench, ordinary men and women everywhere at their jobs—suppose every one of us concentrated on becoming a top star in our own particular line.

It doesn't need much imagination to see what would happen, does it?

So remember steadily that the Human Machine is the only one that carries within itself this miraculous power of forcing itself on and on, refusing to give in, refusing to accept defeat. This is the will to win. You have it. So use it!

as I was saying . . . . by Herbert Hodge

PERSONAL PERFORMANCE

A SHORT TIME AGO, a girl was telling me some of her troubles. I asked her how old she was. "Twenty-six," she said.

I sympathized, saying: "That's a hell of an age to be." "Ah," she added, "but I'm nearly twenty-seven now"—as if being twenty-seven was going to cure everything.

Still, I think she had the right idea. So far as her mental and spiritual troubles were concerned, she probably would find life a little better when she was twenty-seven. She'll probably find it better still at thirty-seven; and even better, perhaps, at forty-seven.

Who was it said that no woman really interested him until she was over forty? Many men must have thought it, if they haven't said it. I suppose the same thing has often been said by women about men. As a rough generalization, I think there's a lot in it. It takes most of us just about that number of years to learn to ride life's bicycle—without constantly crashing into lamp-posts and continually feeling saddle-sore.

Perhaps, at fifty-seven, one can ride without touching the handlebars; but, being still ten years short of that age, I don't yet know.

For some years now, ever since I climbed on to the upper side of forty, I've been puzzled by the the other end of the problem. How can I help others, younger than myself, to ride life's bike a little sooner? How can I pass on a little of my experience (which I had to get the hard way) so that someone else may be able to make a better start, and learn, perhaps, an easier way?

Here's a chap of twenty-one, for instance, who's just written for advice. He wants to know, of course, how to make a success of his life. How can I help him?

I have compared the art of living with riding a bicycle because the two things seem to me so similar—especially in this matter of trying to explain "how" to someone else. A man can read a whole library of books on cycling, and know everything there is to be known, in a literary sense, about bicycles. Yet the first time he tries to ride a bike, he usually falls off. And no one can explain to him how to stay on. All that we can tell him is to "learn to balance."

By Trial and Error

You can, of course, hold him on. But that isn't teaching him to ride. If he's going to learn, he's got to struggle with it for himself. When he's learned the nine hundred and ninety-nine different ways of falling off, there's a strong possibility that he'll suddenly discover the way to stay on.

But when you come to think that millions of us have been riding bicycles now for more than three generations, it seems ridiculous that we can't yet pass on this simple accomplishment by word of mouth from one to another—without the painful process of each person having to learn all over again for himself.

And when it comes to trying to pass on the experience of, say, forty years of life, to someone half that age—one's inability to do so goes far beyond the ridiculous, and begins to seem tragic.

This chap of twenty-one, now, I gather he's already discovered several ways of falling off. He wants me to tell him the way to stay on. He doesn't put it quite like that, because he hasn't yet seen it like that. He's still young enough, I think, to believe that life can be tackled like a school examination—in a set of fixed questions and answers. And he wants me to give him those answers.

So that's snag number one. How long does it take to learn that there is no fixed set of answers; that life is forever flowing free; and that, to control one's own life, one must give oneself to the great broad stream of humanity—guiding gently as one goes—just like riding a bicycle or paddling a canoe?

It took me donkey's years to learn that—possibly because I was such a donkey to begin with. Until I did learn it, nothing that anyone could say to me about it made much sense. Yet once I *had* grasped it, everything everybody had told me seemed to fall into its proper place.

This chap has been battering his brain with lots of little booklets on "how to be a success," and that sort of thing. Now, he says, he's read so many that he's hopelessly confused. Shall he try any more, or shall he chuck it up? "And will you please put your advice in a nutshell," he asks, "as you always do."

Do I ever? I wish I could. But I can, perhaps, put his *problem* in a nutshell. And that may help him in trying to solve it.

A Brute with Possibilities

To compare living one's life with riding a bicycle, or paddling a canoe, is perhaps too easy. It's more like riding a horse—not a nice, tame, domesticated horse—but a great savage black stallion. This great stallion has all possibilities within him—from the most bestial and savage cruelties you've ever dreamed of to the noblest deeds you can imagine. He's so powerful that nothing, good or bad, is beyond his strength. Nor does he care whether what he does *is* good or bad. He doesn't know the difference.

There's only one thing he really objects to—and that's being ridden. But, somehow, you've got to ride him—because he is, after all, the very basis of yourself.

Some riders simply cling on and let him run amok. But that isn't riding him. (And it may soon land you in jail.) Others try to *force* him to do their bidding—to break the spirit with curb and whip. But that, again, isn't riding him. And one of these days he'll catch you off your guard, throw you, trample you, and chew you into little pieces. (That's the shortest way to a nervous breakdown, or the lunatic asylum.)

To my mind, there's only one satisfactory way of riding him. You have to try to understand him, to get the *feel* of him; and then to guide him with hand and voice, instead of trying to force him with whip and spur. It's no use trying to fight him, because he's so much stronger than you are. And yet you've got to be the master. You've got to let him have his own way to a great extent, and yet you've got to guide him at the same time.

And how do you do that? Well, I'm not sure that I know—yet. But I believe it can be done. I'm inclined to think it's all in the way you hold the reins. It's a fascinating problem, anyway. And the stallion is a lovely beast.

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★ ★

Herbert Hodge discusses life and its problems every week

Talking Points About BIRDS

THE BRITISH ISLES are particularly rich in bird life. Most birds "earn their keep"—that is, the food which would be eaten by the pests they destroy is probably more than what they eat themselves.

★ ★ ★

Distinct species of birds in the whole world number only 28,000—whereas there are, for example, more than 750,000 different species of insect. The total bird population of the world is estimated at over one hundred thousand million. There are about 560 different species found in Britain.

★ ★ ★

We have just had a rook census in Britain. There are 3,000,000 of them, and they eat 50,000 tons of grain a year. About 350 bird-watchers, mostly volunteers, made the count. Since estimates show the rooks are eating only 12,600 tons of animal matter, they are, on balance, a source of loss. But before declaring war on them, the experts are considering diversion tactics. If better scarecrows can keep the rooks off the crops, they may develop useful habits.

★ ★ ★

In Russia schoolchildren are being trained as bird watchers, since increased knowledge of bird habits is vital to agriculture. One gadget in use is a little wooden bird whose beak automatically opens when a fitted perch is touched. When it is substituted for a nestling the parents continue to feed the beak, which opens as they alight. The food they bring falls into a preserving jar, and so can be accurately examined.

★ ★ ★

Britain has about 10,000,000 chaffinches. Blackbirds are probably only slightly fewer. Starlings and robins have been estimated at 7,000,000 each. Song thrushes total 3,000,000, bracketed equal with the hedge-sparrow. Skylarks, swallows, jackdaws and blue-tits are all at about the 750,000 mark.

★ ★ ★

The earliest recorded cuckoo this year was at Iwerne Minster, Dorset—date, March 10. Eleven cuckoos were reported seen near Salisbury on March 29. They come in waves—the males first, usually—and move across country northwards. It is thought that a hen cuckoo will aways choose one sort of bird to victimize, watching carefully where the nests are and laying in at least ten of them. Some watchers believe she uses her likeness to the hawk to scare other birds.

★ ★ ★

When Christmas cards show two little robins looking in love in the snow, they are in error. In winter each robin stakes out a territory and defends it against all other robins. Males admit females to their territory only when breeding time comes.

★ ★ ★

Robins are perhaps the most quarrelsome of all birds; their red breast is a sign of aggression. A robin will attack a stuffed robin fiercely, and when the stuffed bird is removed will sometimes go on attacking the bough on which it was placed. Birds as a class are far from gentle, and bird-song is largely challenge.

★ ★ ★

Only constant watchfulness prevents the extinction of many bird species. About 1930, for example, there was alarm in the United States over waterfowl. Only 20,000,000 remained—far from enough, for there were 600,000 shooting licences.

★ ★ ★

Black plover from Lincolnshire—where the bird is legally "protected" throughout the year—appeared on the menu of the House of Commons dining room recently. Asked an M.P.: "Is it very dignified to debate the protection of wild birds one day and find them on the menu the next?"

The two Frenchmen were having a first-class row. "I am sorry, Marcel, I do not believe you," said Monsieur Trique

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

Holiday for two old gentlemen

by PHYLLIS HASTINGS

Mrs. Midwinter's motto was "Divide and Marry." But the two old cronies' friendship had survived harder tests than this

IT COULD ONLY have happened in France, I think, where that ill-assorted couple, fantasy and realism, go arm-in-arm.

I used to stay at the Hotel Chateaubriand, Kervénégen, before the war, and about a year ago it opened up again; so, being due for a holiday, I decided to pop across. The food wasn't up to prewar standards, but it was well cooked, and Sifflet, the proprietor was still there. Mention my name if you feel like trying the place, and he'll see you right.

There was only one foreigner besides myself, a Mrs. Midwinter. She was a rather florid creature, a widow, and she eyed the men and her food in the same manner, greedily. She 'didn't interest me much.

But two of the visitors did interest me. They were Frenchmen, oldish, white-haired, white-moustached, and very much alike, the chief dissimilarity being in the shape of the head. One had quite an ordinary round skull; that of the other rose to a dome, giving him an appearance of great intelligence and nobility.

The outstanding point about them, though, was their devotion to one another. You don't often see a thing like that.

There they were, those two old gentlemen on holiday, quiet and inconspicuous, saying little, yet their every movement and expression and small courtesy to each other proclaiming the strong tie which bound them.

"Are they brothers?" I asked Sifflet.

"No, just friends," he told me. "You know, good friends. Always they spend their holidays together; for more than thirty years they have done so."

"And has neither of them married?"

"No. They have not the inclination for matrimony. Monsieur Volerie, he try, many many years ago, but his young lady she have a husband on Devil's Island, so she is taken away for the bigamy."

"Which is Monsieur Volerie?"

Sifflet didn't find it easy to explain. "He is the one who talk a little faster. He sit with his back to the window in the dining-room."

"The one with the high crown?"

Sifflet protested that he wore no crown, but I fancied I had got them sorted out in my mind, and I proved to be right.

It wasn't difficult to make friends with them, but Mrs. Midwinter beat me to it. She went for them like a drowning woman clutching at a plank, and on the first night she appeared at dinner in lots of diamonds, exuding charm from every pore.

Monsieur Volerie was not a Frenchman for nothing. He responded with gallantry and vivacity, and so did the other one, whose name was Monsieur

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

Trique. Mrs. Midwinter began obviously to feel she was a newer and better version of Cleopatra. Like the frog in the fable, she swelled with pride. Her voice grew louder, her eyes glistened, her bracelets jangled. I believe she already saw herself as the mistress of some magnificent chateau.

Her next move, of course, was to separate them, because the company of two men, though flattering, would get her nowhere. But that is where she came unstuck.

She would manoeuvre Monsieur Volerie into a corner and ask, "Shall we go to the races this afternoon?" in the intimate kind of voice which meant she had planned an expedition *à deux*.

But before he replied, Monsieur Volerie would seek out Monsieur Trique and say, "What about the races this afternoon, Gregoire?" And Monsieur Trique would answer, "If you would like it I should be enchanted, Marcel."

Mrs. Midwinter was annoyed, but by no means beaten. She transferred her attention to Monsieur Trique, with as little success. I was surprised. She might be flamboyant, but she was experienced. She was wealthy, judging by her jewellery, and she was about fifteen years younger than the Frenchmen.

Many men of their age would have gone silly about a woman like Mrs. Midwinter. Many men would have been at each other's throats, because jealousy lives to a ripe old age. Those two old boys certainly were fond of one another.

But women seem to carry their own private serpent into every Garden of Eden, and I ought to have known Mrs. Midwinter would cause trouble.

She came down to breakfast one morning, a high tide of tears ready to spill out of her eyes, and announced that her diamond bracelet was missing.

Sifflet suggested at first that she might have mislaid it, but after he and a couple of his staff had practically torn up the floor boards in her bedroom, he was forced to agree with her that it must have been stolen. He notified the police, and there were a lot of questions asked, and we all volunteered to have our rooms searched.

The whole business was unpleasant, and a nuisance, but not really tragic. What *was tragic*—at least I thought so—was that I came on the two Frenchmen having what must have been, for them, a first-class row.

Monsieur Trique was saying, "Marcel, I am surprised! I am more than surprised. I am hurt, wounded in my soul. During the many years of our friendship I have trusted you, and you have never broken your promise to me."

Monsieur Volerie looked grieved and astonished and outraged at the same time. "Nor have I now, Gregoire. These are our holidays, and I have preserved them as our holidays."

Monsieur Trique said, sternly, "I am sorry, Marcel, I do not believe you, and unless you undo what you have done, well——" he shrugged his shoulders.

Monsieur Volerie stared at him as if he could not believe what he had heard. "Gregoire! You would not!"

"Most assuredly I would. It is my duty."

Monsieur Volerie did not answer, but turned and walked away, stooping, his fine domed head bowed.

That night at dinner they did not speak, and the next day they went their separate ways. There was something inexpressibly pathetic about them. They seemed like two elderly children, completely lost without one another, as if, lacking the familiar playmate, they could not settle to anything.

Monsieur Trique wandered aimlessly round the garden, which was little else but sand and pines, and Monsieur Volerie, after an hour of solitary drinking in the cocktail bar, went off on some business of his own.

He did not return that afternoon, and when Monsieur Trique started his evening meal he was still alone. I began to grow rather anxious, and I think Monsieur Trique must have felt the same, for he scarcely ate anything, and every time the door opened he looked up eagerly.

At ten-thirty Monsieur Trique was pacing the foyer. "Has your friend departed?" I asked him.

He stopped suddenly and looked at me with embarrassment. "But yes! That is, I suppose so. What can I do?" And he added fiercely, "*Il est toqué,*" which is a way of saying that he was touched in the head.

"I wondered whether something might be wrong. If I could help——"

"You are very kind," he said formally and with an air of closing the conversation, so there was nothing I could do but sheer off and leave him to his vigil.

I went to bed soon after, but I couldn't sleep very well. I kept wondering whether Monsieur Volerie had returned. It may seem silly to think of a man doing something desperate just because he quarrelled with his friend, but if you had seen those two old Frenchmen you would have understood how I felt. They somehow belonged together, like a cup and saucer.

Once in the night I got out, and through the window I could see Monsieur Trique. He was standing behind the low wall which separates the hotel grounds from the promenade, and he was as still and watchful as the lions in Trafalgar Square.

But morning brought a surprise, for Monsieur Volerie appeared at breakfast, fresh and spry as if he had slept the clock round. He was talkative, too, though Monsieur Trique answered him with a certain restraint and seemed to be examining him with an expression which can only be described as wary.

Then we had our second surprise. Mrs. Midwinter bounced into the room and something on her wrist dripped with light like a fountain in the sun.

"My bracelet!" she boomed. "My bracelet has been found! Isn't it splendid! Monsieur Volerie found it for me. He knows how careless I am. Now, don't blush! I'm eternally in your debt, you clever little man!"

Monsieur Trique took one startled look at Monsieur Volerie, and it was as if the sun came out from behind a bank of clouds. He began to talk, his eyes sparkled, even his aristocratic drooping moustache raised itself several points. All was well again between the two old gentlemen. I found myself giving a deep sigh of relief.

But I was curious, and when by a lucky chance I saw Monsieur Volerie alone, I spoke to him in the hope that he would be less reticent than his friend.

"All's well that ends well," I said tritely, "I'm delighted that Mrs. Midwinter found her bracelet, and that you are safely back. Monsieur Trique was very anxious about you."

"Yes. Poor Gregoire! He worries too much. As if I would deceive him!"

"Surely he would not think such a thing! You have known one another for many years, have you not?"

"Since we were boys."

"Then he should have learned to trust you."

"Ah, my friend! You do not know it all. Gregoire is a good man, but I—I am *un malfaiteur*."

"You are joking."

He smiled. "You are *très sympathique*. Listen, I will tell you this. Gregoire thought that I had stolen Mrs. Midwinter's bracelet."

"Monsieur Volerie!"

"Yes, indeed. Nothing I could say would convince him. As if I would do such a thing!"

"As if you would!"

"When the diamonds were not even genuine!"

"Not genuine?"

"No. A clever fake. I know, because I am expert in such matters. But Gregoire, he is not so expert as I. He does not realize they are what you call 'phoney.' So what can I do?"

"But why did Mrs. Midwinter make such a fuss about the loss of an imitation bracelet?"

Monsieur Volerie shrugged. "Who can tell the mind of a woman? Perhaps she hopes to get some compensation, some insurance. I think maybe she is crooked."

"It certainly was a difficult position for you."

"Yes. I think and I think, and the result of my thought is that Gregoire matters more to me than many diamonds. Of course he does! It has always been thus. So I go away and obtain for Mrs. Midwinter another bracelet, which I give her to say she has found hers."

"She knows it is not hers?"

"*Naturellement!* This one is real. I tell her to shut the mouth and reflect that she is a fortunate woman."

I stared at him. "A real one in place of an imitation? Was that necessary?"

He laughed shyly, as if he felt he had said too much. "She is out to make trouble, that woman. She discover too much about me, so I get her a real bracelet to make her put a button on her mouth, as you would say. I am not a poor man, and Gregoire is my friend. Friendship is a very noble quality, is it not?"

"It is a blessing from Heaven," I assured him.

"Yes. Gregoire and I, we are good friends again. We have only two more days of holiday, but for those days we make what you call the 'whooping,' *n'est-ce pas?*"

He trotted off, a happy man, and during those two days they made, if not whoopee, at least a middle-aged Gallic version of it. It was a pleasure to watch them, so serenely joyful, so obviously delighting in one another's company.

Monsieur Volerie and Monsieur Trique had every taste in common.

Or so I thought. After they had gone I had a little chat with Sifflet. "Quite a couple of characters, those two visitors of yours," I said.

"Oh, yes," he agreed, "and each so famous in his way."

"Indeed?" I said, surprised.

"Monsieur Volerie, now, he is a thief of jewellery, a great international crook."

"Rubbish! You're pulling my leg."

"I am not, monsieur. He was the most clever man in his profession. Such an eye for value he had! Nothing but the most flawless stones would he touch. And so wonderfully he cover his tracks. Only once was he caught and imprisoned, and even then he get off with the lightest possible sentence."

"And you allow him in your hotel?"

"Ah! But he is retired. During the war he do magnificent work for France, and last year he write his memoirs."

"But you say he has been coming here for many years?"

"Since before my time."

"Well, that must have been while he was—er—working."

"Yes, but he come here for holiday, you understand, and being a man of honour he keep it strictly a holiday."

"But what about Monsieur Trique? Did he approve of such goings-on?"

"Of course not! But he also look upon a holiday as a holiday, and he is very fond of Monsieur Volerie."

"So he condoned the thefts?"

Sifflet looked shocked. "Condoned? How could he? Do you not know him? He is Gregoire Trique, the famous detective."

"Detective!"

"*Mais, oui!* A very clever man. It is he," Sifflet paused to laugh heartily, "it is he who catch Monsieur Volerie and send him to prison!"

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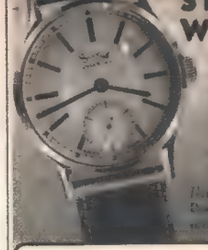

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FREE SPEECH

★ Occupation Troops Are Too Young
★ How to Scare the "Black" Builders
★ The Boss Who Dropped in for a Chat

DISCLOSURE OF THE STARTLING number of V.D. cases among British troops abroad underlines the utter wrongness of our present policy of sending out raw recruits to do the work of occupation armies.

Germany, particularly, is no place for under-twenties, and as the father of a boy due to be conscripted the prospect of his doing his military training in a country where all moral standards have gone by default in conditions of extreme material misery fills me with anxiety.

Democracy's real ambassadors in Germany are not the high officials who lay down policy in Berlin but the rank and file of the occupation forces who come into daily contact with the German people. At present that rank-and-file consists largely of adolescents straight from Britain.

The evidence is that most of them fall prey to the thriving black market, loose German women, over-abundant alcohol. In no time at all they lose their own self-respect and that of the Germans.

A few hundreds of really mature, German-speaking British officials could do the job of supervision in Germany far more effectively. For security purposes, they should be reinforced by Regular Army mechanized forces, and the young, amateur footsloggers sent back home.—I. A. BYERS, Mount House, Harpenden, Herts.

London Borough Takes the Tip

THE ARTICLES by William J. Gage in JOHN BULL on "black" building have certainly had results.

Battersea Borough Council has adopted your suggestion that the building licence should be exhibited wherever any work is being done.

Unfortunately the council has no legal right to enforce this regulation, and the Ministry of Health refuse to make it enforceable "because it would be difficult to operate."

It is nonsense to pretend that it would take an army of inspectors to check buildings where work is being done. One or two men could cover many jobs.

If the "black" builder knew that an inspector *might* drop in, and that excuses that he had only exceeded his permit by £70 or £80 would not be accepted, then he would think twice whether the profit justified the risk.

"Black" builders get away with it because there is at present little or no check.

Let the local authorities act and there will be more labour and more material for building which is really necessary.—J. F. LANE, 197 Elsley Road, Battersea, London.

Need More Like Him

UNABLE TO WORK through illness, I was sitting at home trying to read when there was a knock. It was my boss, who had come to see how I was.

I cannot tell you how pleased I was when he sat down and talked for over an hour and gave me all the encouragement he could.

I am just an ordinary workman, and I am sure that if we had more chiefs like mine we should get all the production we need without begging for it.—J. CARTWRIGHT, Stourbridge, Worcestershire.

Pay and Prejudice

ALL THIS TALK about equal pay for equal work. . . .

I am a woman with a job in engineering and I work among twenty men. Our monthly output was 700 axle shafts for motor cars. The boss wanted us to turn out a thousand as they were for export. The men agreed—on bonus conditions.

The work was done, but I found that I was left out of the bonus scheme.

My boss is good, though, and he finally agreed that I should be included.

The men are now behaving like children and not one of them speaks to me—though I make tea for them all.—MRS. D. C. (Name and address enclosed.)

All Through the Night

THIS GOVERNMENT IS businesslike. Many M.P.s are sensible business men. Why do they maintain the

"... ridiculous practice"

ridiculous practice of all-night sittings?

With regular and sensible hours, strain and exhaustion could be avoided. —F. A. ROGERS, 47 Hornsey Rise Gardens, London, N.19.

Swollen Fingers Mystery

AS A JEWELLER, I have been used to cutting rings for people whose finger joints have swollen. In the past this was not a very common occurrence, though it happened from time to time through chilblains or rheumatism.

But just lately cases have been more and more frequent. Could the reason for these swollen joints be a deficiency in our diet? I should be interested to know whether other jewellers are finding the same thing and whether they have any theory about the cause.—F. R. PORTER, 31 Highgate Lane, Farnborough, Hants.

Fair Way to Fortune

GO TO THE FAIR and you will see how to make an easy living.

I watched a stall which had a speedway competition with tickets at sixpence a time. Takings were £2 a spin; the prizes on average could have been bought retail for £1.

On ordinary weekday evenings there were fifteen spins; twenty-five on Fridays and about 100 on a full Saturday. Total takings, less cost of prizes, £185 a week. L. VIGON, 98 Clarendon Road, Ashford, Middlesex.

Ashamed of our Pubs

WHEN ONE LOOKS at almost any bar in Italy, with its large assortment of drinks (from liqueurs to coffee), its scrupulous cleanliness, cheerfulness and tasteful decoration, one is downright ashamed of that dull, drab, unhygienic institution, the English Pub.—SGT. J. D. PALMER, 21 Port Security Section, Intelligence Corps, C.M.F. (Trieste).

Faith Today is Deeper

HERBERT HODGE'S ARTICLE, "State of my Soul" (JOHN BULL, May 31), was the finest and bravest on this subject that I have ever read. And I am convinced that he expressed the real feelings of the overwhelming majority of the nation.

Traditional religion, with its dogma, its ritual, its artificiality, has lost all meaning to most modern people. The Churches may regret this, but I firmly believe that it has given way to something deeper, more genuine, *more* religious—a close, personal relationship between the human being and his Maker, which needs no church, no ceremonies or doctrines, any more than does the relationship between a child and its parents. —K. BARNES, 37 Beulah Hill, London, S.E.19.

∴ Herbert Hodge wrote: ". . . I feel much closer to God . . . when I'm sitting alone in a field than when I'm listening to a sermon in church."

"Could we borrow a couple of deck-chairs?"

Taxi Tariff

L. R. CASTLE should read the regulations before accusing London taxi-drivers of racketeering (JOHN BULL, May 31). The London taxi-driver is entitled to charge sixpence for each passenger over two.

If the amount shown under "Fare" on the taximeter was 3s. 3d. and four passengers were carried, then the total due to the driver was 4s. 3d. This fact is clearly stated on the fare-board inside every taxicab.

Mr. Castle may consider this charge unreasonable, but he is merely exposing his own ignorance when he describes it as a "racket." If only he *had* called a policeman, as he suggested, he would have found himself compelled to pay the extra shilling.

Far from being a racketeer, the London taxi-driver is one of the few men still giving service at the prewar price.—H. H. (Name and address enclosed.)

Esperanto Works

DENNIS BARDENS was mistaken in bolstering up his case for Basic English by disparaging Esperanto (JOHN BULL, May 17). There is all the difference to an Englishman between a foreigner mutilating English—Basic or otherwise—and a "samideano" from another country talking in Esperanto.

After thirty-five years as an Esperantist, and nearly twenty years in the London office of a foreign bank, I have found that Esperanto has stood every test.—JOHN GREENWAYS, 50 Hillfield Park, Muswell Hill, London, N.10.

∴ Samideano is Esperanto for Comrade.—EDITOR.

England? Mighty Fine

I HAVE BEEN IN ENGLAND over a year and have been all over the country. It is a mighty fine country and my opinion is shared by other Dutchmen.

Complainers should realize that conditions in other countries are worse than they are in England.—W. WEERDEN, 348 Daalscheweg, Nijmegen, Holland.

★ LETTERS *intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

JOHN BULL QUIZ

WARS

(1) Who invaded Italy across the Alps with elephants? (2) Who were told not to shoot at the British until they could see the whites of their eyes, and where? (3) Where did the Boxer Rebellion take place? (4) Where is the Chaco Boreal, and which countries fought over it? (5) Who were the participants in the Wars of the Roses?

TRIOS

What have the three items in each group in common? (1) Kiwi, Emu, Ostrich? (2) Humpty-Dumpty, Jack and Jill, the Roman Empire? (3) Simplon, St. Bernard, St. Gotthard? (4) Winston Churchill, Sir John Anderson, Viscount Simon? (5) Wimple, tricorne, boater?

WILD FLOWERS

(1) Some flowers do not require gay petals or nectar. Why? (2) What use is made of rose-hips; foxgloves? (3) What are the catkin; calyx; capsule; corolla? (4) The familiar sweet smell of new-mown hay comes almost entirely from one among the many kinds of grasses found in a hayfield. Which? (5) All but one of the following are common wild flowers: Old Man's Beard, Sneezewort Yarrow, Fat Hen, Ard Patrick; which is the exception?

BIBLE

(1) How and why was John the Baptist killed? (2) Who walked unscathed from the burning, fiery furnace? (3) What was the writing on the wall? (4) Who said, and to whom, "Whither thou goest, I will go"? (5) Who was hanged on the gallows prepared for Mordecai?

SYMBOLS

(1) What does the letter C stand for in Roman numerals; in chemistry? (2) What do these signs mean: ∴ ; ∵ ? (3) Which figures of the Zodiac do these signs represent: ♈ ; ♒ ? (4) What is the name of the sign "&"? (5) Do you know the origins of the question-mark; the exclamation mark?

(*Answers on page 22*)

ALREADY 154 readers have secured Free Holidays in Switzerland or at Britain's Seaside as the result of this year's *Bullets* Contests. There is still room for you and a companion on "John Bull's" long Holiday Prize Train, but you have no time to lose.

Picture yourself and a companion setting out for Switzerland on a Free 1,400-mile Holiday! That is the thrilling prospect ahead of this week's £300 First Prize-winner; big cheques and Free Seaside Holidays are also waiting to be won.

Start now on the *Examples* waiting for you on this page, post your entry by Monday, June 30—and a fine Cash-plus-Holiday prize may well be yours!

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./. write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated July 19, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

How to make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

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KEY TO PEACE
WHATEVER HAPPENS
NOT WORKING
TRUE DEMOCRACY
UNDER CONTROL
MOTHER WISHES
ENDED THE STRIKE
MODERN SCHOOL
SIMPLE
NOBODY KNOWS WHY, BUT
SEASIDE OPTIMIST
WITH GUSTO
LONELY BACHELOR
SANDY'S COUPONS
GOING TOO FAR
SEEMS USELESS
JUICY TIT-BIT
HEARD IN WHITEHALL

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.

AWAY WITH.....AND
PRODUCING.....
LIVING FOR.....THOUGHT
.....ON OUR.....
LEFT.....COLD

"BULLETS" 1,580 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Swiss Holiday: W. A. Northcott, 9 Vicarage Road, St. Budeaux, Plymouth: **We're Up Against It, So Opportunity To "Measure Ourselves."**

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Seaside Holiday: C. H. Lowe, 18 Elm Street, Wellingborough: **Nearly Got Me—Motorist—Smile *Really* Did!**

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: Mrs. B. M. Evans, 134 Eastcote Lane, South Harrow: **The Next Bombing—One Down—All Up!**

THREE PRIZES of £10 plus Seaside Holiday: A. E. Lyddon, 104 Mortimer Road, Filton, Bristol: **Squeezed Into Car — Father — *Somebody* Must Drive!** E. M. Perrins, 70 Renshaw Street, Liverpool 1: **Wonderful Britain—True Enough, Enough "True."** F. A. Waldren, 24 Bulstrode Avenue, Hounslow: **Strikes—"Go Slow" With, Workers!**

SIX PRIZES of £5: T. Browne, 8 Park View Terrace, Limerick: **To Beat The Criminal—In Urchin, *Win* Urchin!** A. Coman, "Clydesdale," St. Mary's Lane, N. Ockendon, Upminster: **Starting To Remove—Britannia's "Pallor," Production's "Sunshine."** P. Gee, 36 Astor Road, Burnage, Manchester 19: **Landgirl Auntie—"Scream," But Deserves Cheer.** G. Jackman, 119 Fairbridge Road, Upper Holloway, N.19: **Nearly Stunned Me—Teacher Patting *Sonny's* Head!** D. James, c/o Mrs. Wilson, 46 Haddon Avenue, Orrell Park, Liverpool 9: **Disturbing The Peace—Sergeant, Suggesting A Parade!** H. T. Pitt, 20 Leighton Road, Knowle, Bristol 4: **Goes On And On—Cripps—And My Suit!**

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See Devon and Cornwall on an 850-mile luxury Coach Tour for Two. That fine Holiday prize goes with each cheque for £25 or over in this week's £100 Cash Crossword—awards value £25 amongst Runners-up.

Post your Square below by Monday, June 30.

HOLIDAY CHEQUES WON
XWORD 532

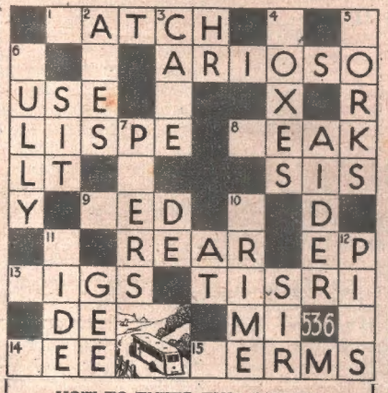
WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 3, Blood. 6, Banal. 7, Plate. 8, Weak. 13, Gull. 14, Fan. 15, Houses. DOWN: 1, Table. 2, Waste. 4, Letter. 5, Deal. 9, Thief. 10, Watch. 11, Poles. 12, Rugs.

SEVEN £100 SHARERS: F. Akhurst, London, S.E.18; H. Babb, Bideford; A. Chinneck, Wimborne; Mrs. R. Dickson, Balham, S.W.12; Miss A. Farey, Ilkley; R. Sankey, Broadstairs; S. Wallwork, Audenshaw.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 46 entrants.

Across Clues — **XWORD 536**
1. You're pretty lucky if dropping one doesn't prove expensive
8. Look out for storm when brow of one is clouded over
9. There's a good reason why certain suits are this
13. In desperation, farmer has sometimes made money out of these
14. Certain kind of this should last the course
15. Both men and women are more familiar with nature of these today

Down Clues
2. Like you and me, in some respects
3. Has been known to be used as a cloak
4. Most these are impossible to chase
5. Presence of these on busy road increases chance of accidents
6. One often gets wind up
7. Have survived a few storms that might have proved fatal
10. You sometimes see a cut which can be thus described
11. Tanning often improves one
12. These get into jam



HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest, but extra £25 cash amongst winners entering 8 or more 3d. entries. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 12, for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., JUNE 30

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536

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397

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BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

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Closing Postmark, **1,584** MON., JUNE 30

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Assigning a Tenancy

"ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO I let a house, shop and garden on a quarterly tenancy. The tenant has sold the business and left the premises, assigning them to the person who has bought the business. This has been done without my consent, and I want the new occupiers to quit. What can I do to get them out?"

▸▸ If the tenant has parted with the possession of the whole of the premises without your consent, you can apply to court for possession. It would be inadvisable to accept rent from the new occupiers. By doing so you would make them your tenants.

Part-time Work

"RECENTLY I STARTED WORK as a jobbing gardener, doing two days a week at one place and three at another. What is the position regarding National Health and Unemployment Insurance? Do I pay the full amount or are my employers liable?"

▸▸ Your first employer in the week is responsible for stamping your cards. He must pay his share and can deduct your share from your wages. The two employers can take it in turns to pay the employer's contribution, but in case of trouble the first man would be held responsible.

Benefit Under Will

"FOR A LONG TIME I have been working for an old lady. She always said she would leave me something in her will. But she has two sisters and I cannot get to know the terms of the will. Can you help me?"

▸▸ When the old lady dies the executors will tell you whether you are to benefit under the will or not. Apart from this you cannot obtain any information unless the lady herself is disposed to tell you.

Repayment of Tax

"MY MOTHER, WHO IS seventy-four, is receiving the old age pension of 26s. a week. Her late husband (my stepfather) left her an annuity of £156 to be paid by the public trustee. But £70 4s. is deducted for income tax from this sum. Has the public trustee the right to do this? She has no other sources of income.

▸▸ The trustee is obliged to deduct tax from the annuity at the full rate of 9s. in the £. Your mother should receive certificates showing the amount of tax deducted in this way. On producing these to the Inspector of Taxes for her district a substantial portion of the tax will be repaid to her.

Transfer of Business

"CAN I TURN MY BUSINESS over to my sons informally? Or would it be necessary to have it done legally?"

▸▸ You can transfer your business to your sons without formality, but it might be advisable for the sons to form a partnership agreement drawn up by a solicitor. This is suggested as a safeguard against any possible disputes in the future.

Pensioners' Income Tax

"I AM AN OLD AGE pensioner, drawing 26s. a week, and still working. I have been told that for men over seventy who are working any extra money is tax free, but I am being taxed on it and should be glad to hear your opinion."

▸▸ If the old age pension were your only source of income it would not be taxable, but as you are still in employment it is taken into account as part of your total income from all sources, and it is this which determines the amount of tax to be paid.

Creating a Trust

"SHOULD I DIE before my wife she will inherit several hundreds of pounds, but she is afraid that her sons will be continually wheedling for the money. Is there anything I can do now to obviate this?"

▸▸ You can create a trust in favour of your wife. This would mean appointing two trustworthy persons to manage your wife's affairs for her. It would be advisable to have the will prepared by a solicitor.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 21

WARS. (1) Hannibal, 218 B.C. (2) The American soldiers in the first battle of the War of Independence; Bunker Hill, 1775. (3) China, at the turn of this century, when an anti-foreign movement pillaged British and other possessions. (4) That part of the Gran Chaco which lies between Paraguay and Bolivia, South America; those two nations warred for it from 1879 until 1936. (5) The Lancastrians (red rose) and the Yorkists (white rose).

TRIOS. (1) They are all birds that cannot fly. (2) All fell. (3) All passes over the Alps. (4) All former Chancellors of the Exchequer. (5) All head-gear.

WILD FLOWERS. (1) They do not need to attract insects to carry the pollen grains; these are blown by the wind instead. (2) Rose-hips make vitamin C syrup; foxgloves' dried leaves are used as medicine in heart-trouble. (3) Catkin is a slender, often pendulous, spike of flowers; calyx is the outermost, usually green, floral envelope; capsule is the dry fruit which opens; corolla the collective name for the petals. (4) Sweet Vernal. (5) Ard Patrick—the name of a horse which won the Derby in 1902.

BIBLE. (1) He was beheaded at Herod's order after Salome, promised anything she asked, demanded the Baptist's head. (2) Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego. (3) MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. (4) Ruth to Naomi. (5) Haman.

SYMBOLS. (1) 100; Carbon. (2) therefore; because. (3) Taurus the Bull; Aquarius the Water-Bearer. (4) Ampersand. (5) From the first and last letters of the Latin word *quaestio* put over one another; from the Latin exclamation of joy, *Io*, treated in the same way.

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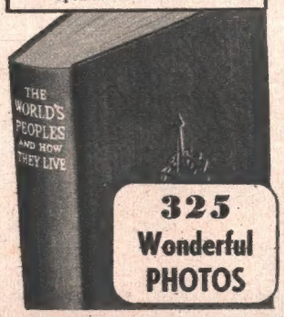

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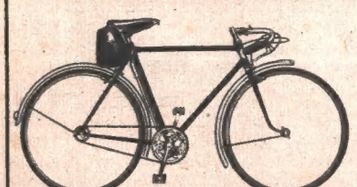

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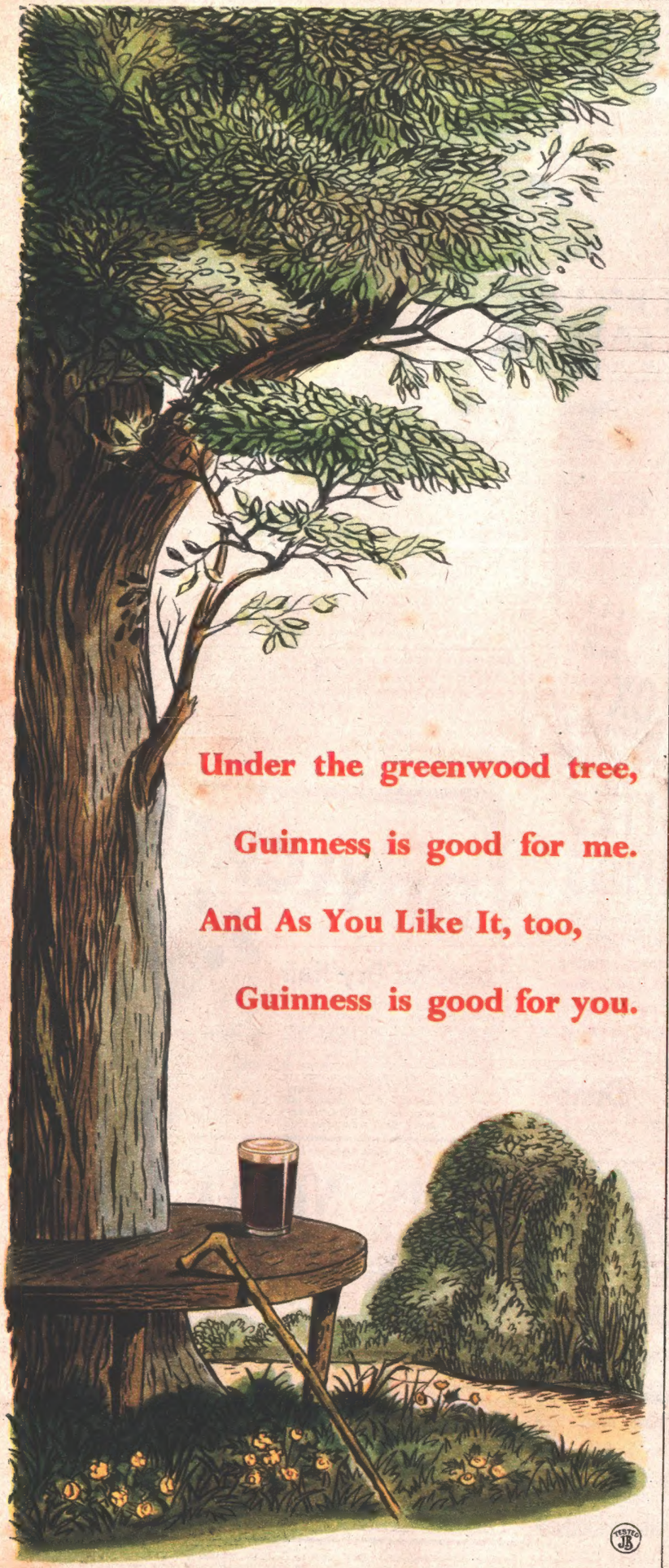

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